Burgamot, Ou sans Pareille

D2/

1763

Sym

Sym

Sym:

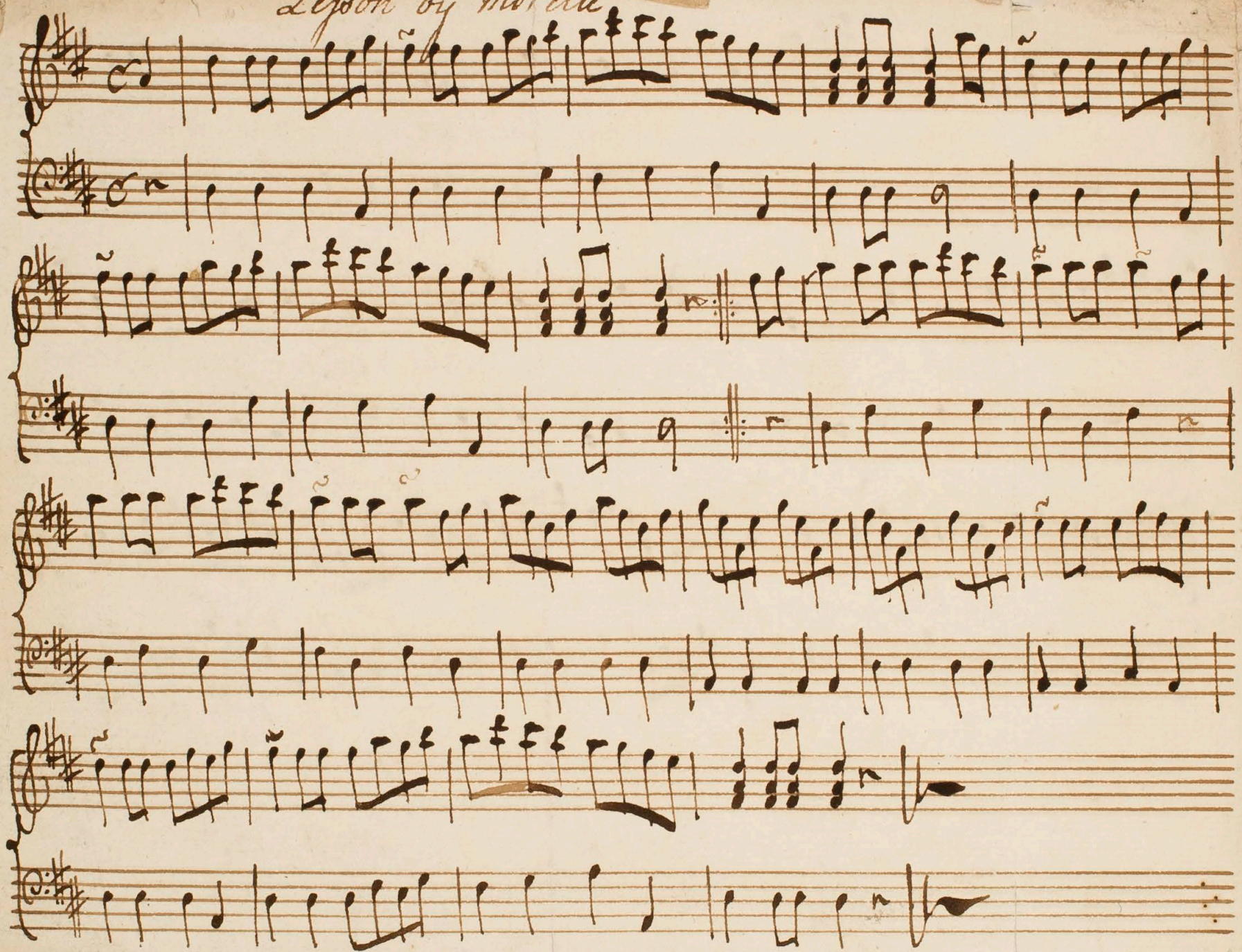
Hark Hark Hark her sweet Voice all plantive Sounds

See See See she receives a thousand Wounds if Shielded not

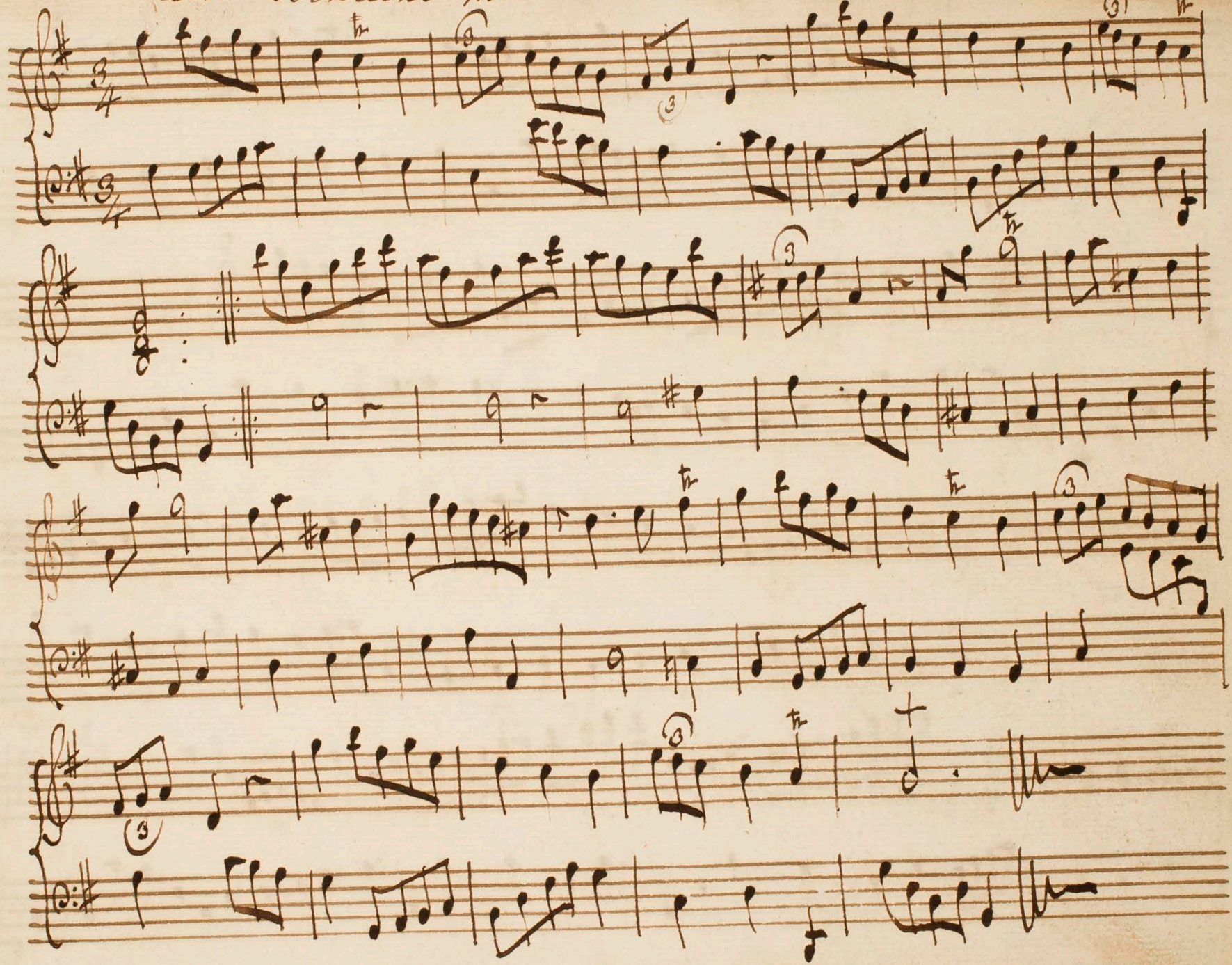
by thee if Shielded not by thee

IRVING LOWEN

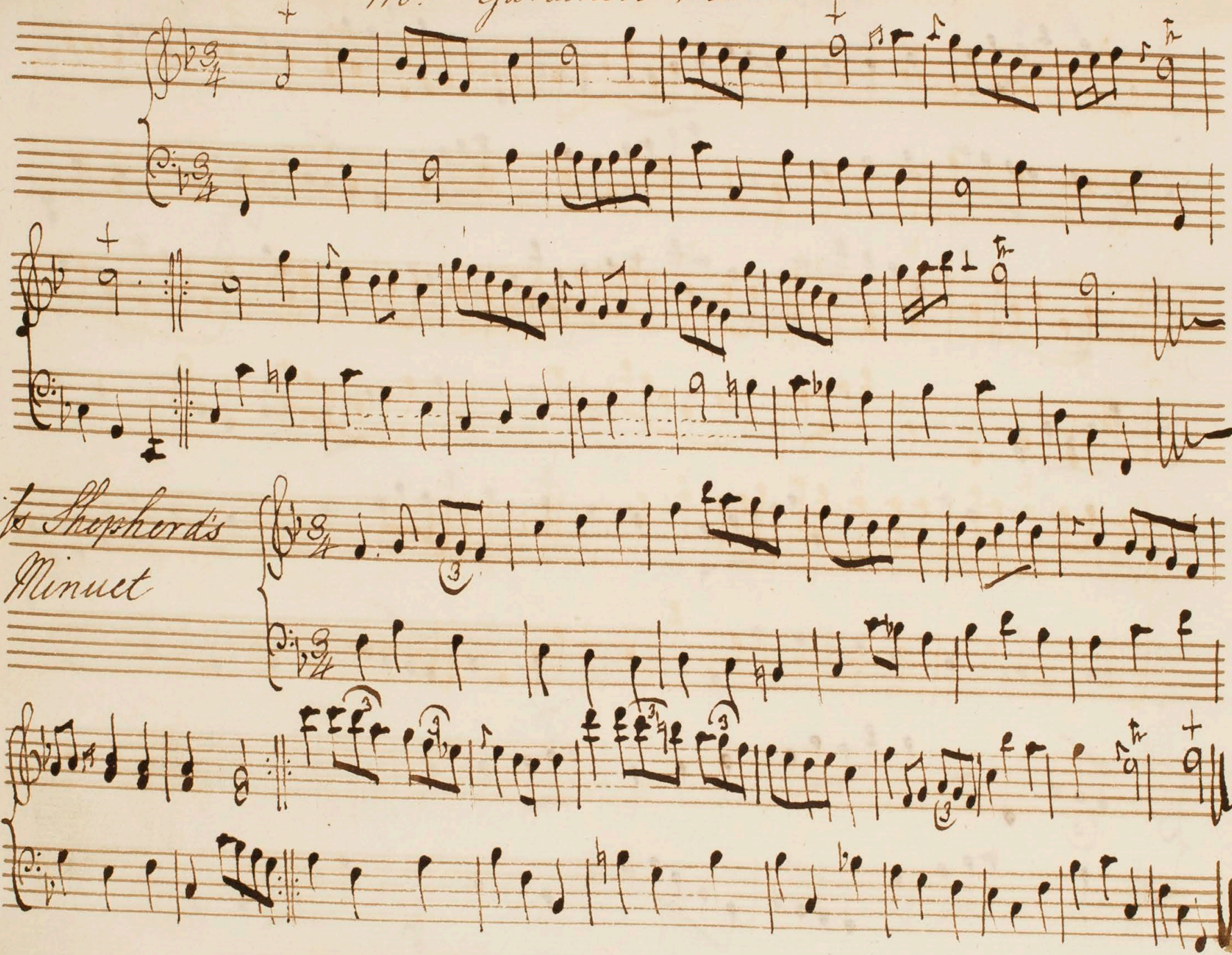
Lesson by Morelli



Lord Bentick's Minuet

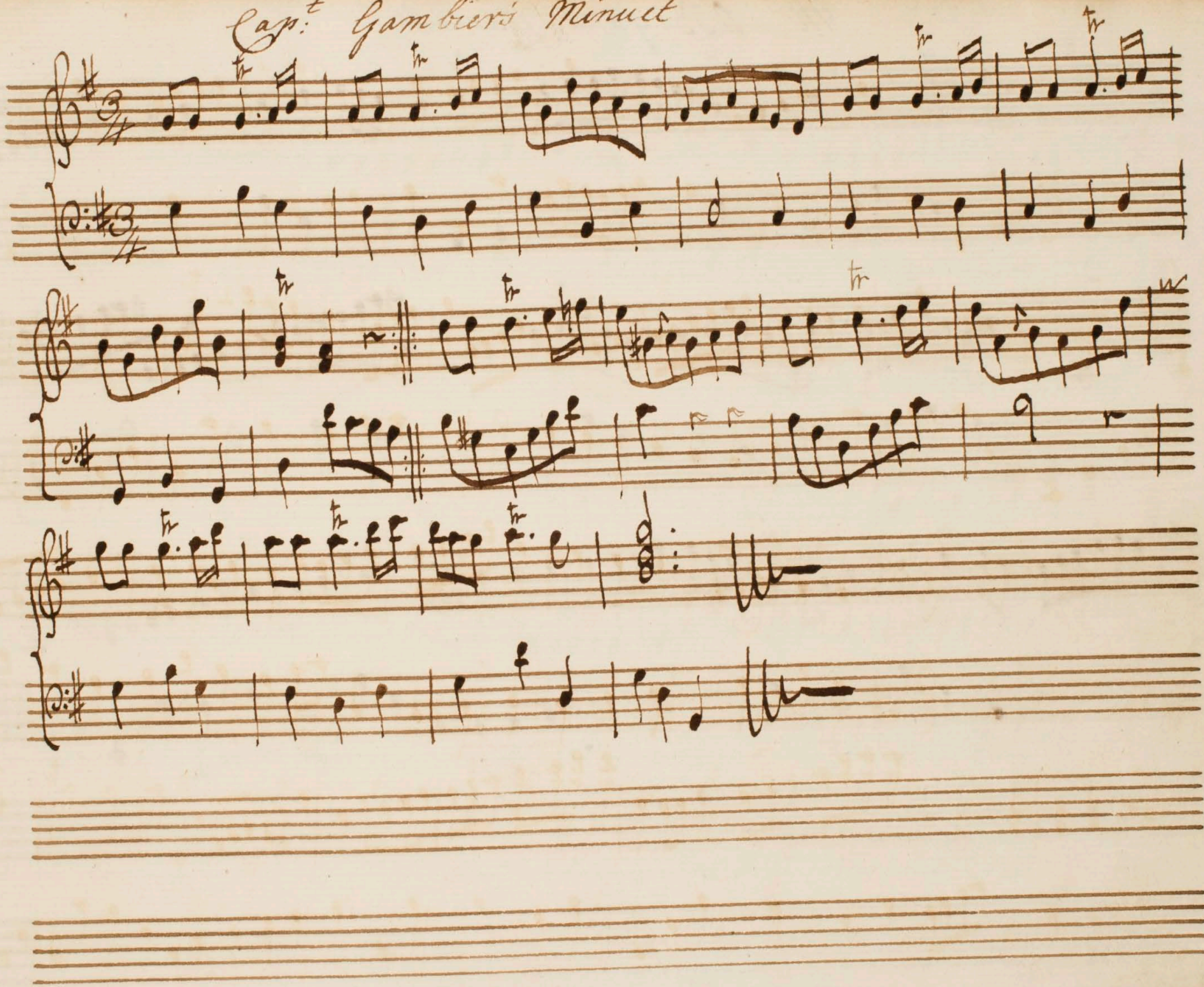


Mrs Gardiner's Minuet

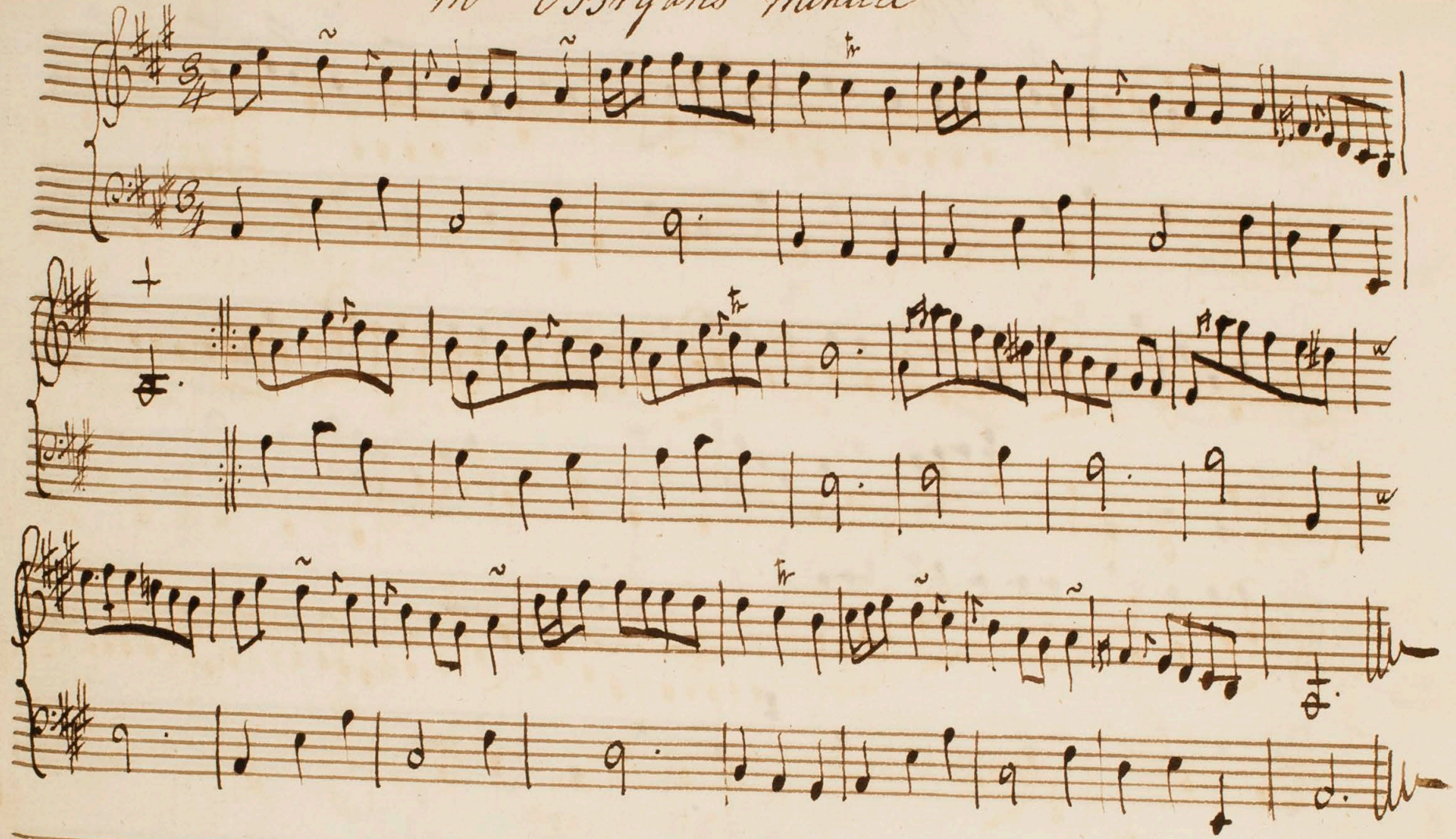


Miss Shepherd's
Minuet

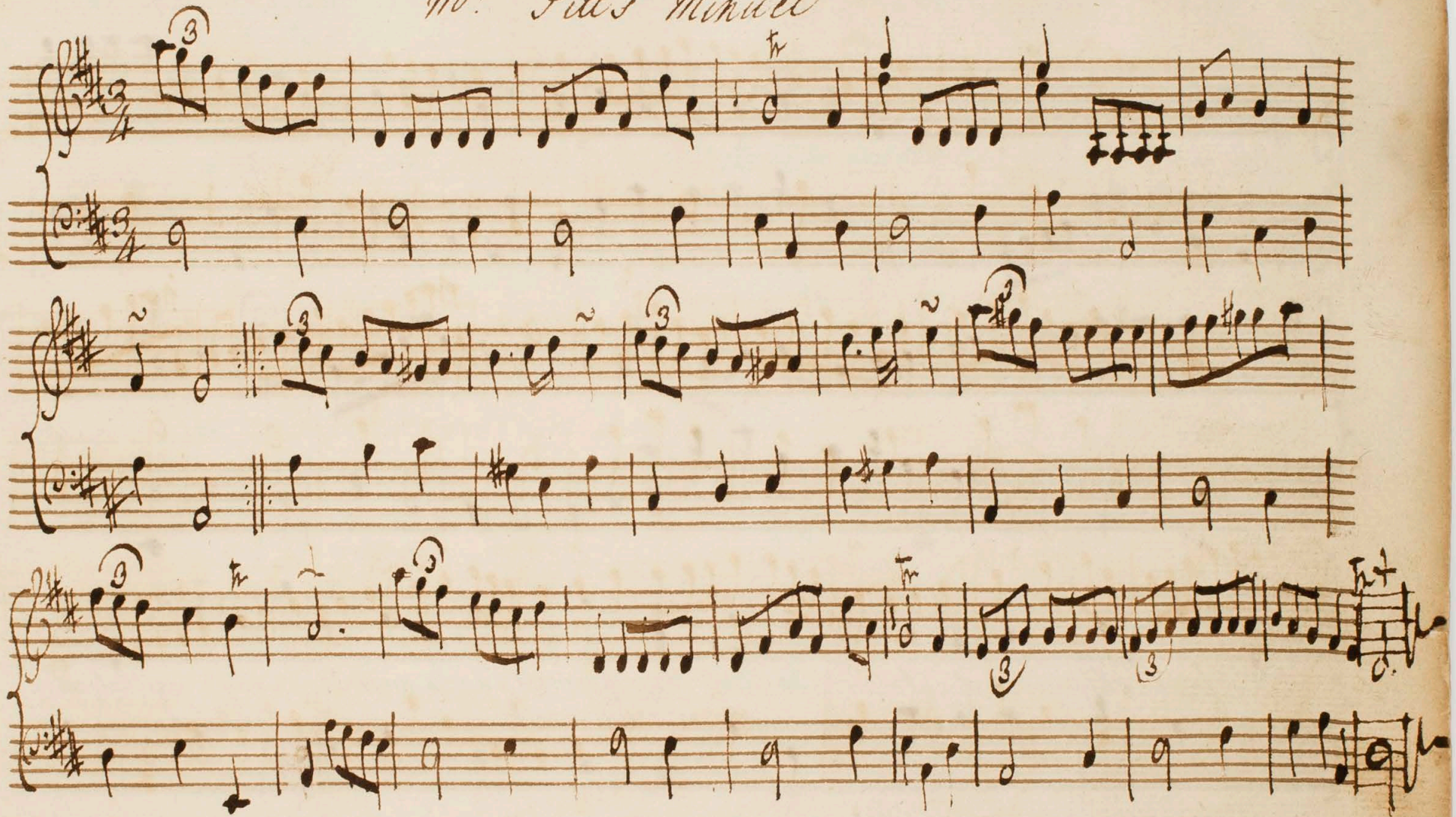
Capt. Gambiers Minuet



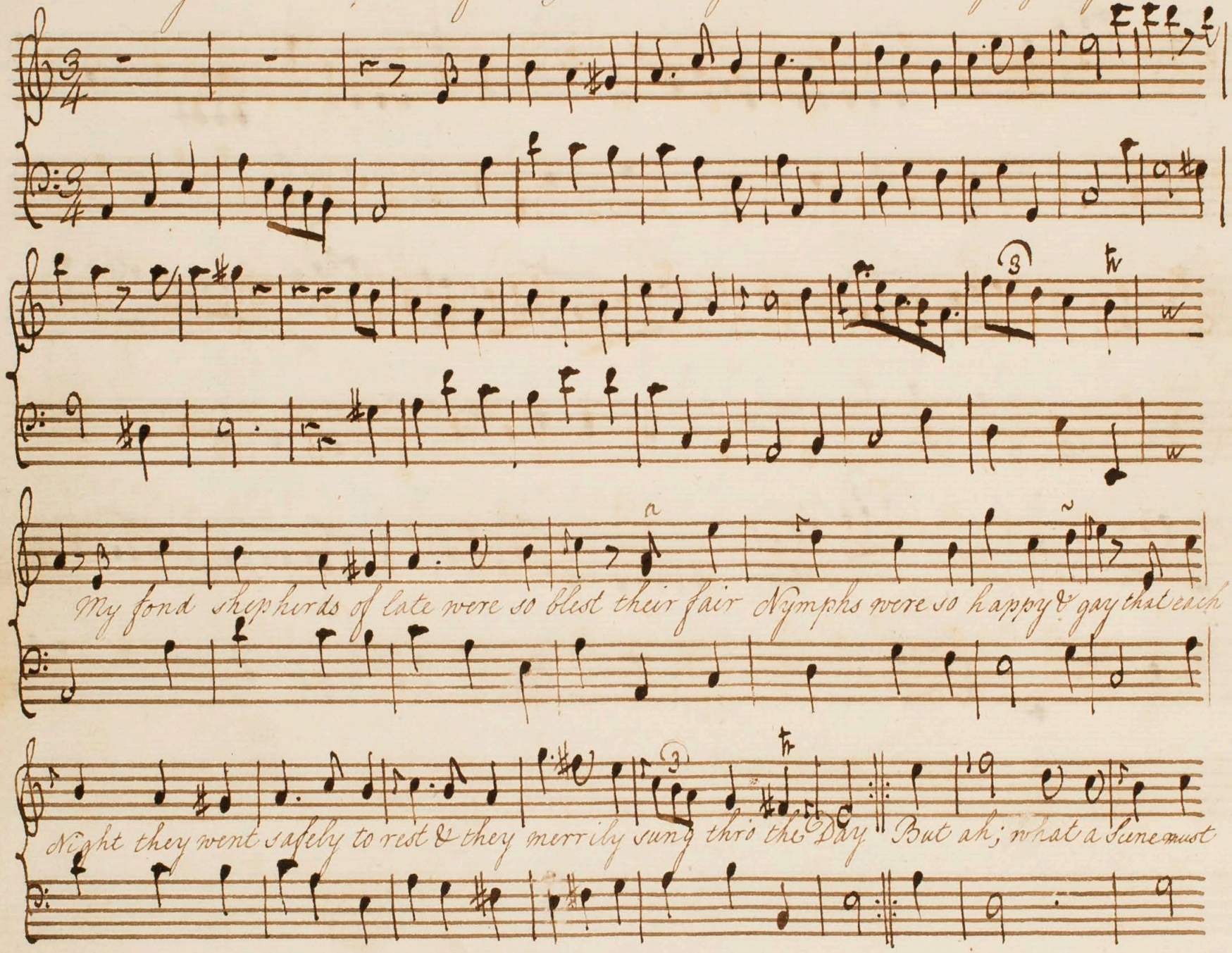
Mr O Bryan's Minuet

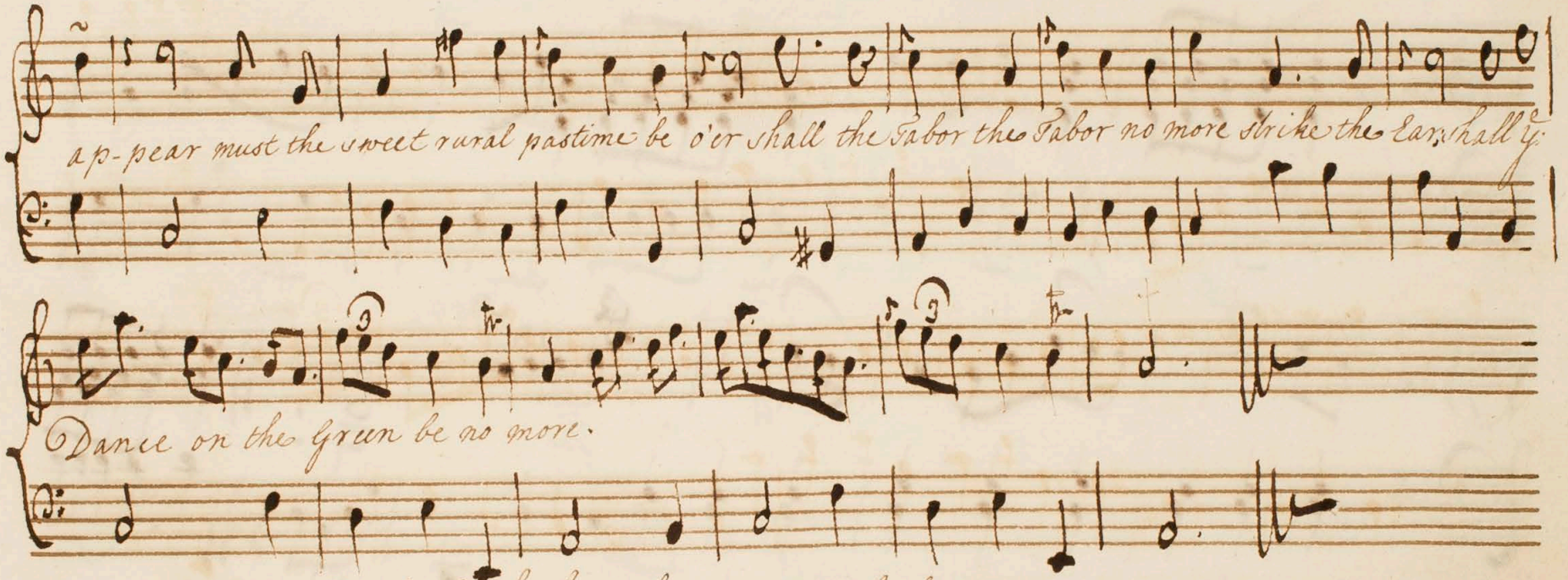


Mr. Pitt's Minuet



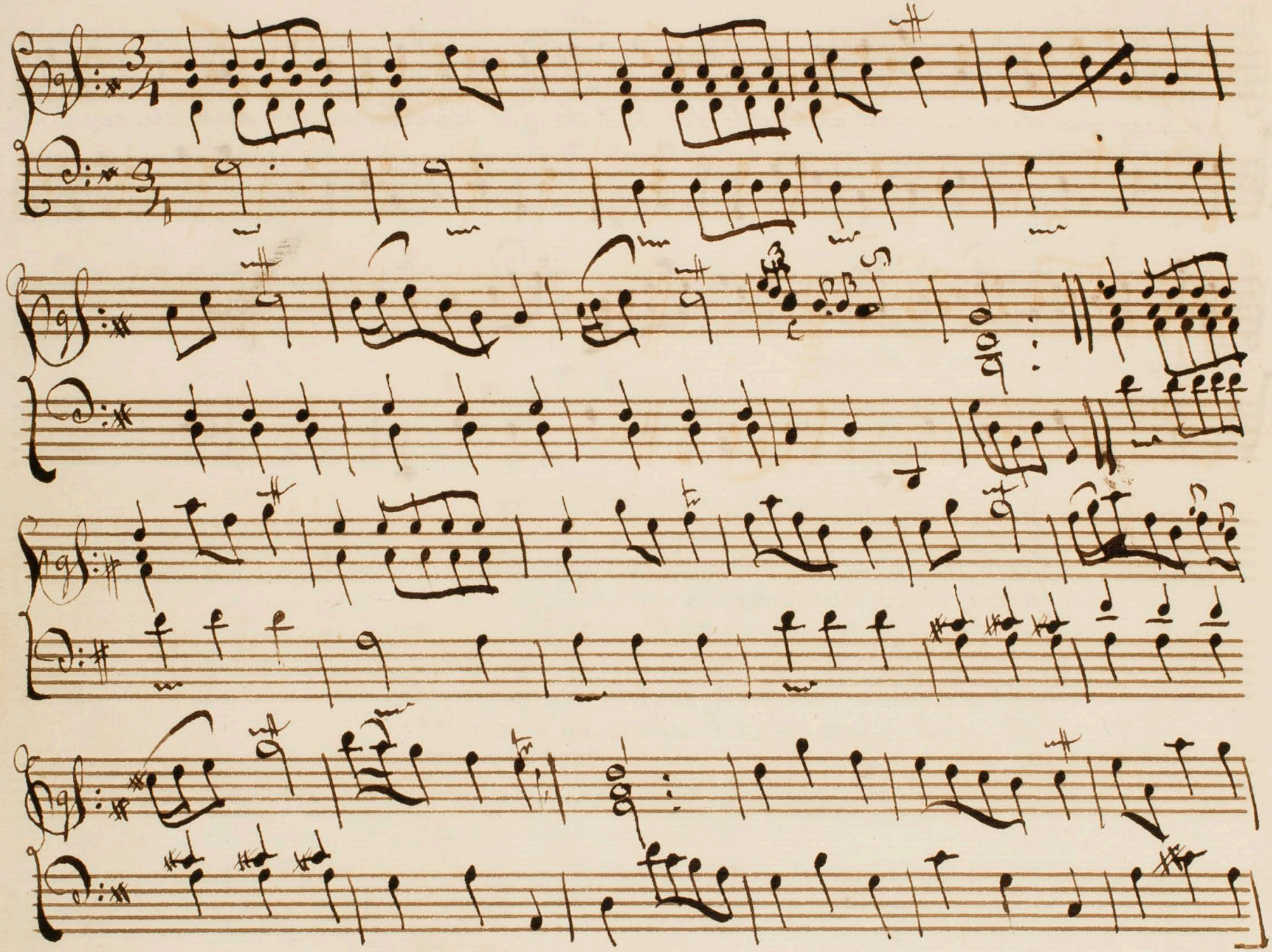
Song in the Opera of Eliza. Set by Mr Arne. Sung by Sig.a Frasi

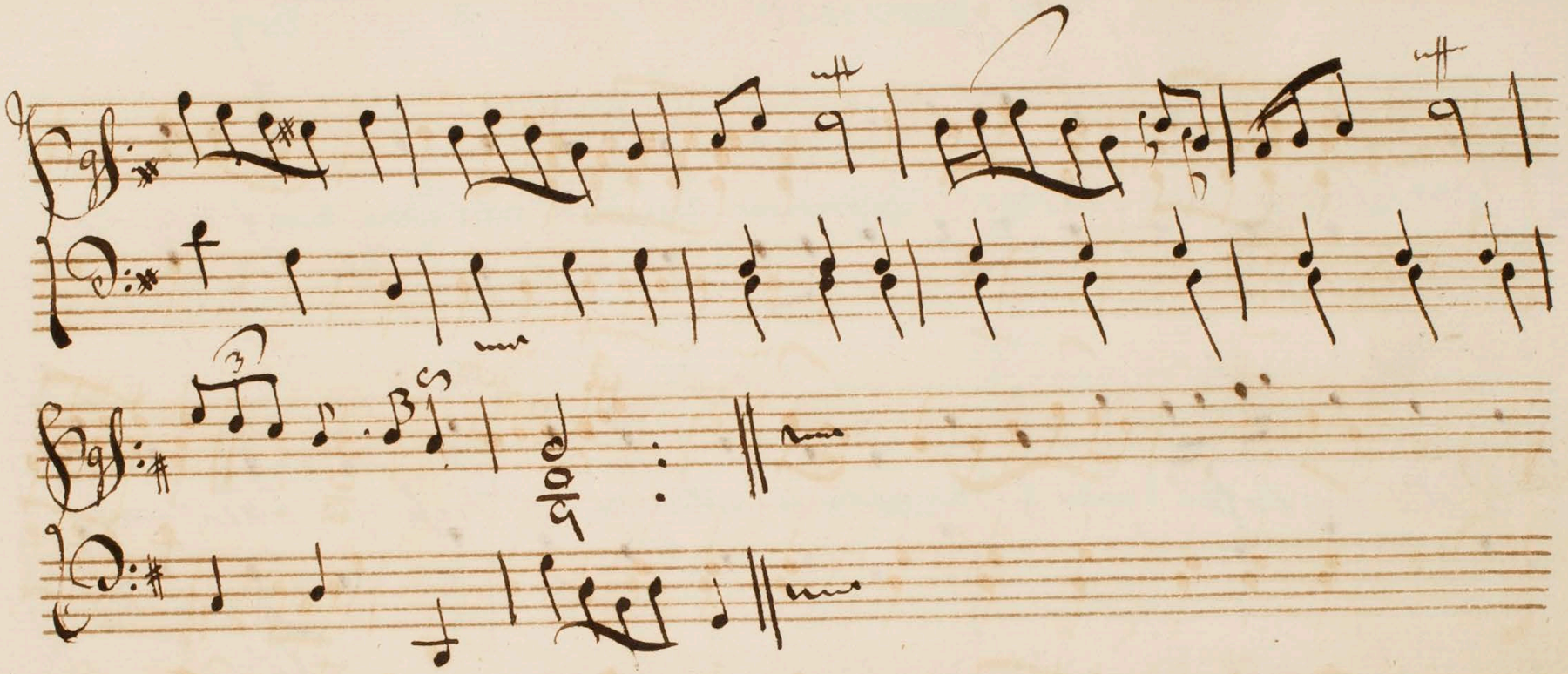




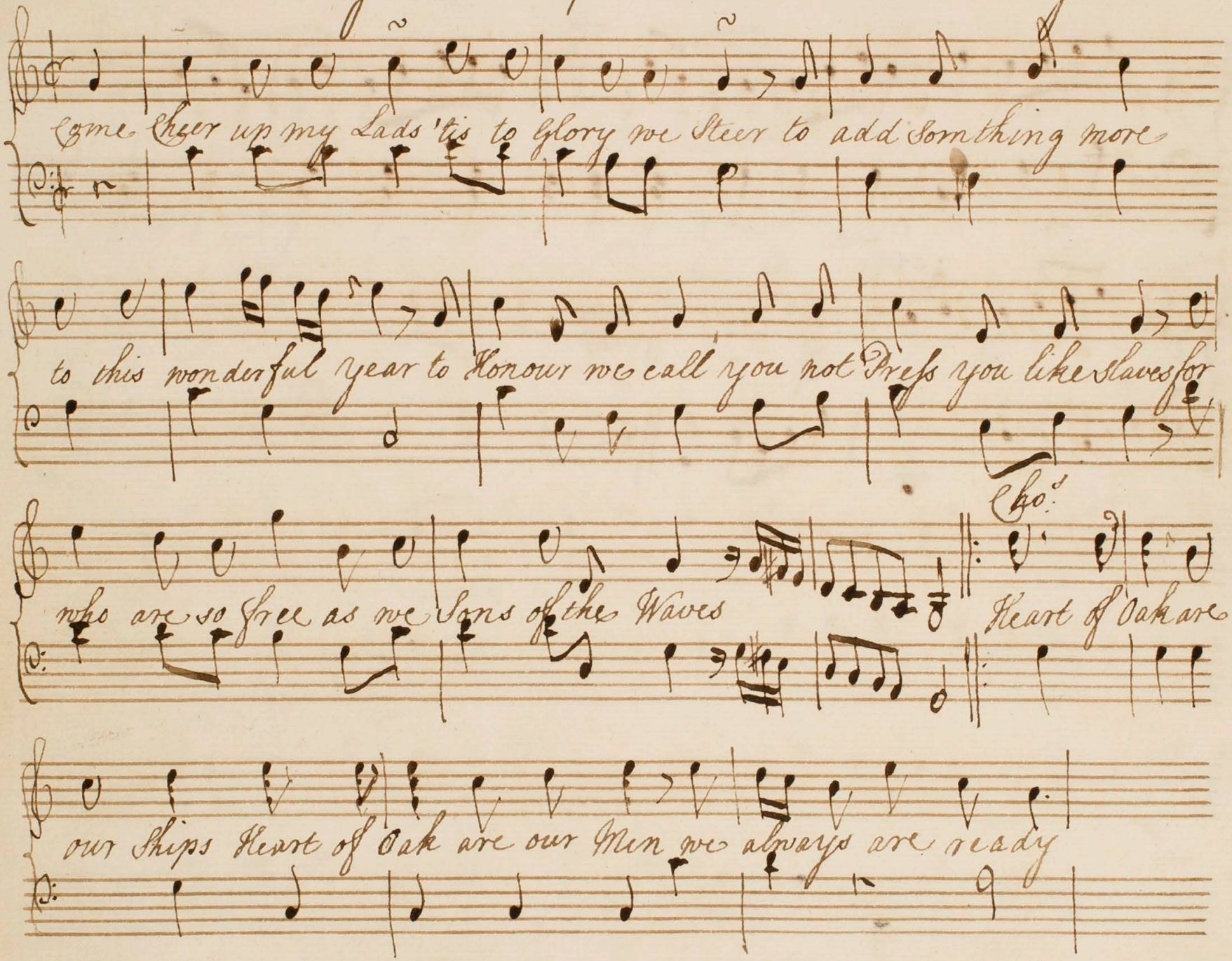
Will the flocks from their pastures be led
Must the Herd go wild Straying abroad
Shall the Looms be all stopp'd in each shed
And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road
Must the Arts be all scattered around
And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
Must Religion Religion expire on the ground
And shall Virtue sink down by her side.

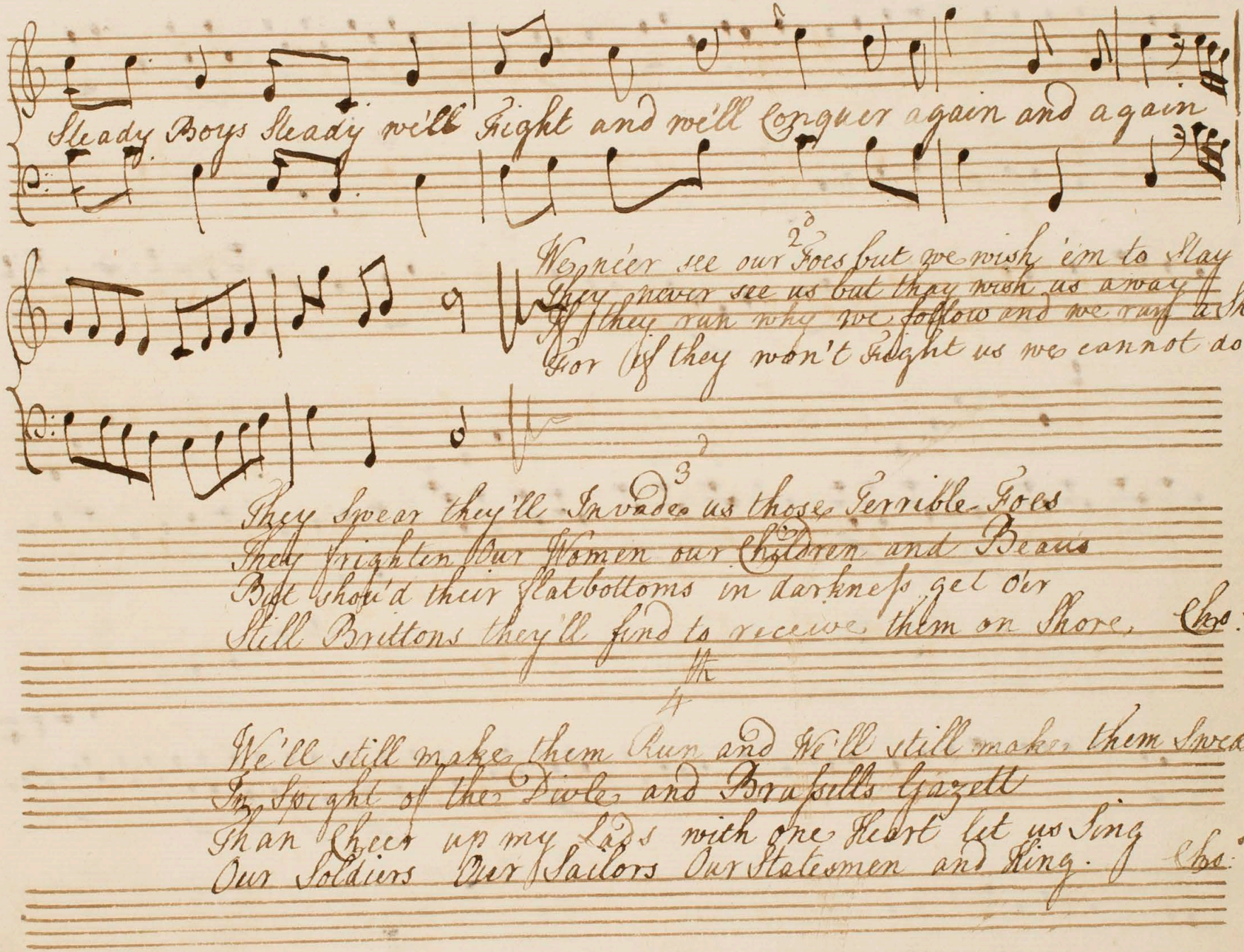
Lord Howe's Minuet



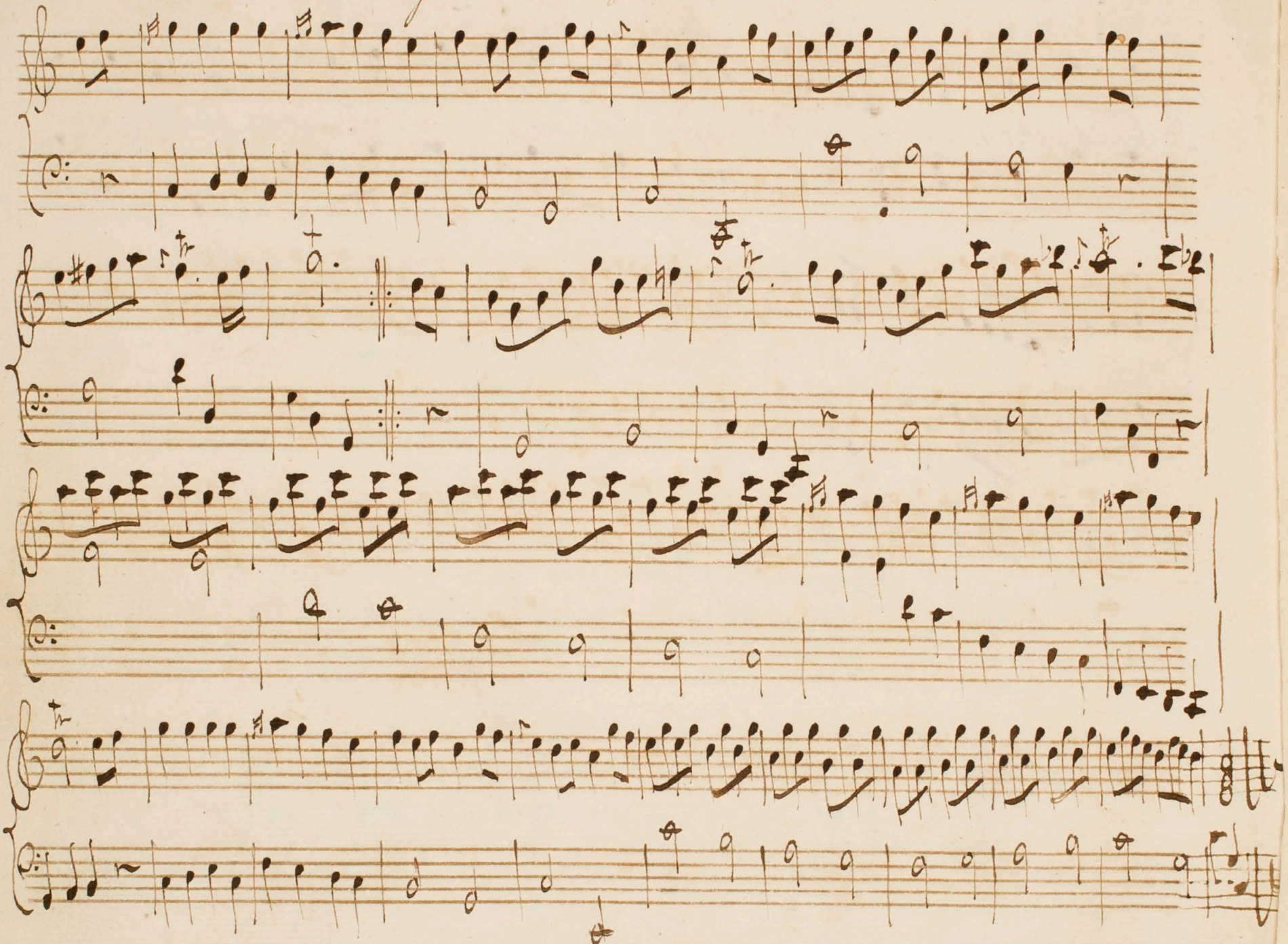


Song in Harlequin Invation & D.r Boyce

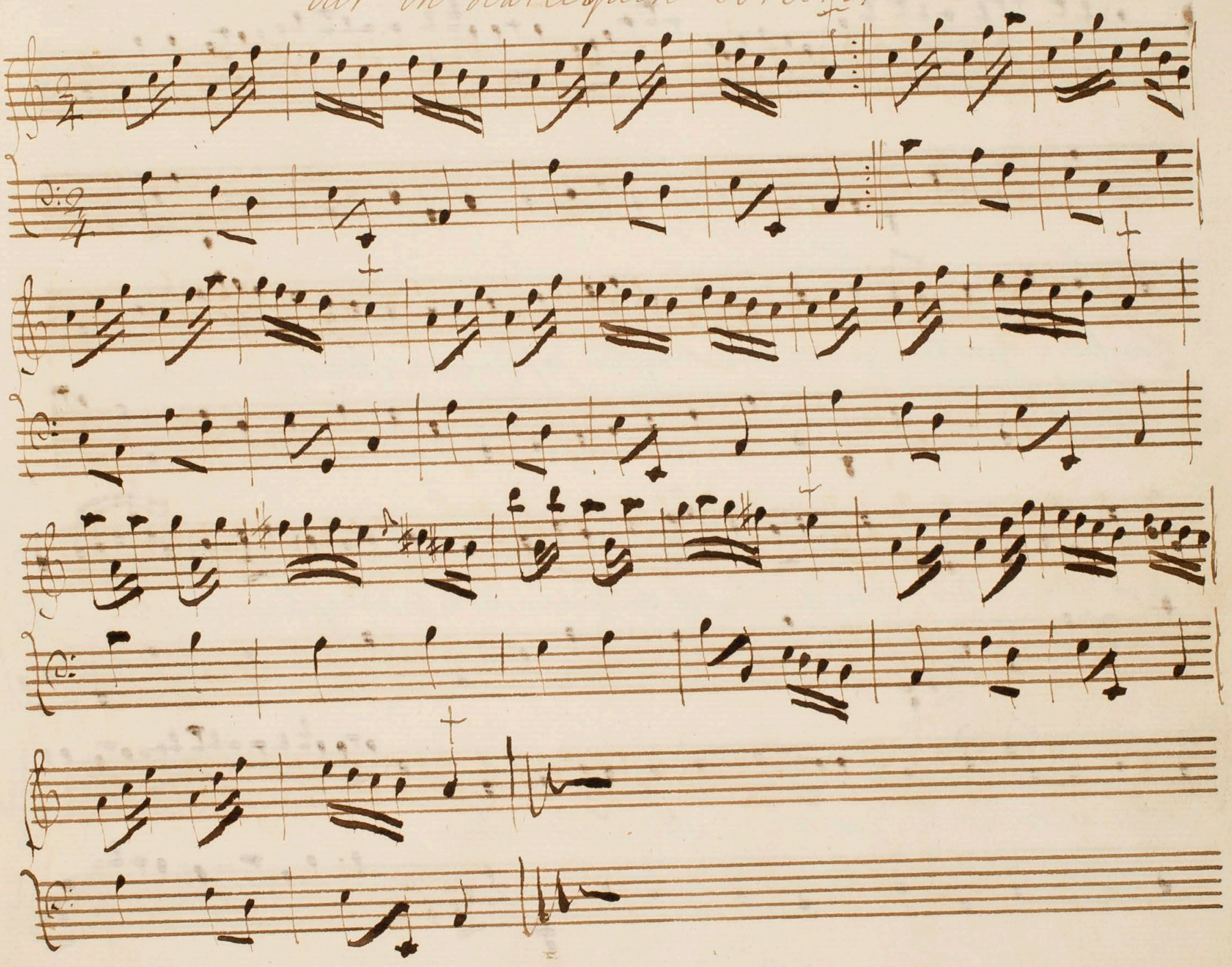


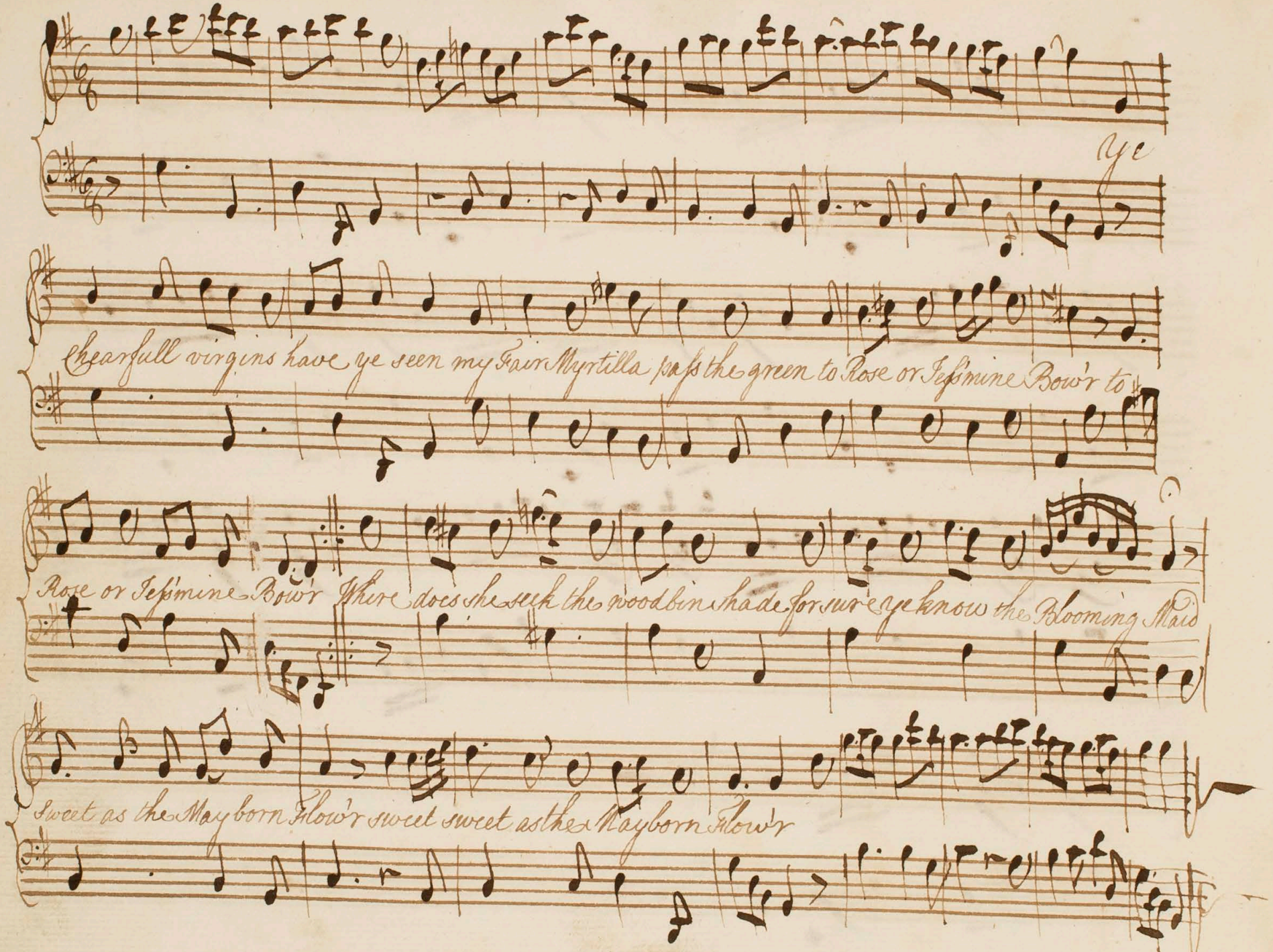

Steady Boys Steady we'll Fight and we'll Conquer again and again
2d
We never see our Foes but we wish 'em to Stay
They never see us but they wish us away
If they run why we follow and we run a Shore
For if they won't Fight us we cannot do more
Cho:
3d
They Swear they'll Invade us those Terrible Foes
They frighten our Women our Children and Beaus
But shou'd their Flatbottoms in darkness get o'er
Still Brittons they'll find to receive them on Shore
Cho:
We'll still make them Run and We'll still make them Swedt
In Spight of the Pope and Brussells Gazett
Then Cheer up my Lads with one Heart let us Sing
Our Soldiers Our Sailors Our Statesmen and King.
Cho:

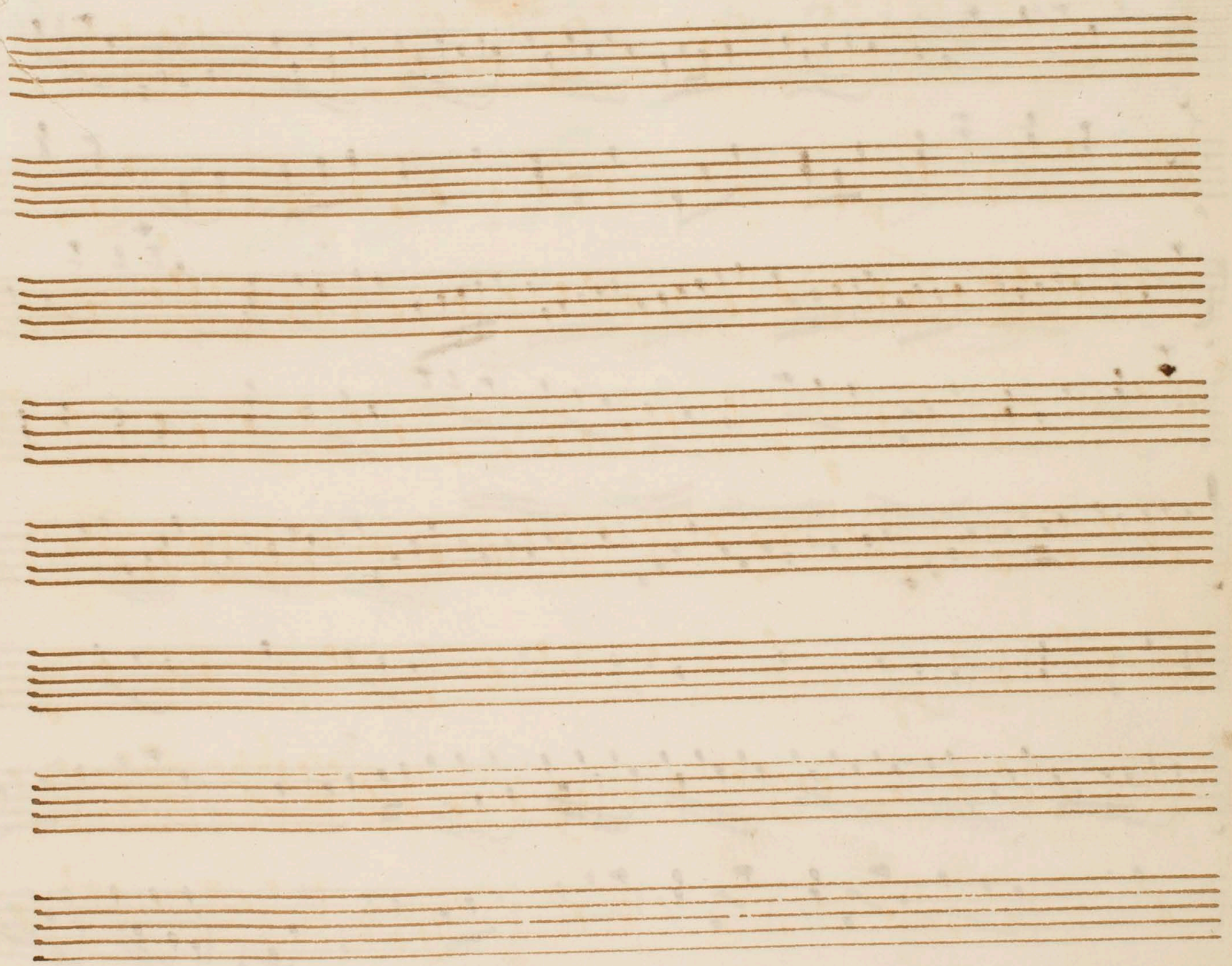
Gavot de Handel



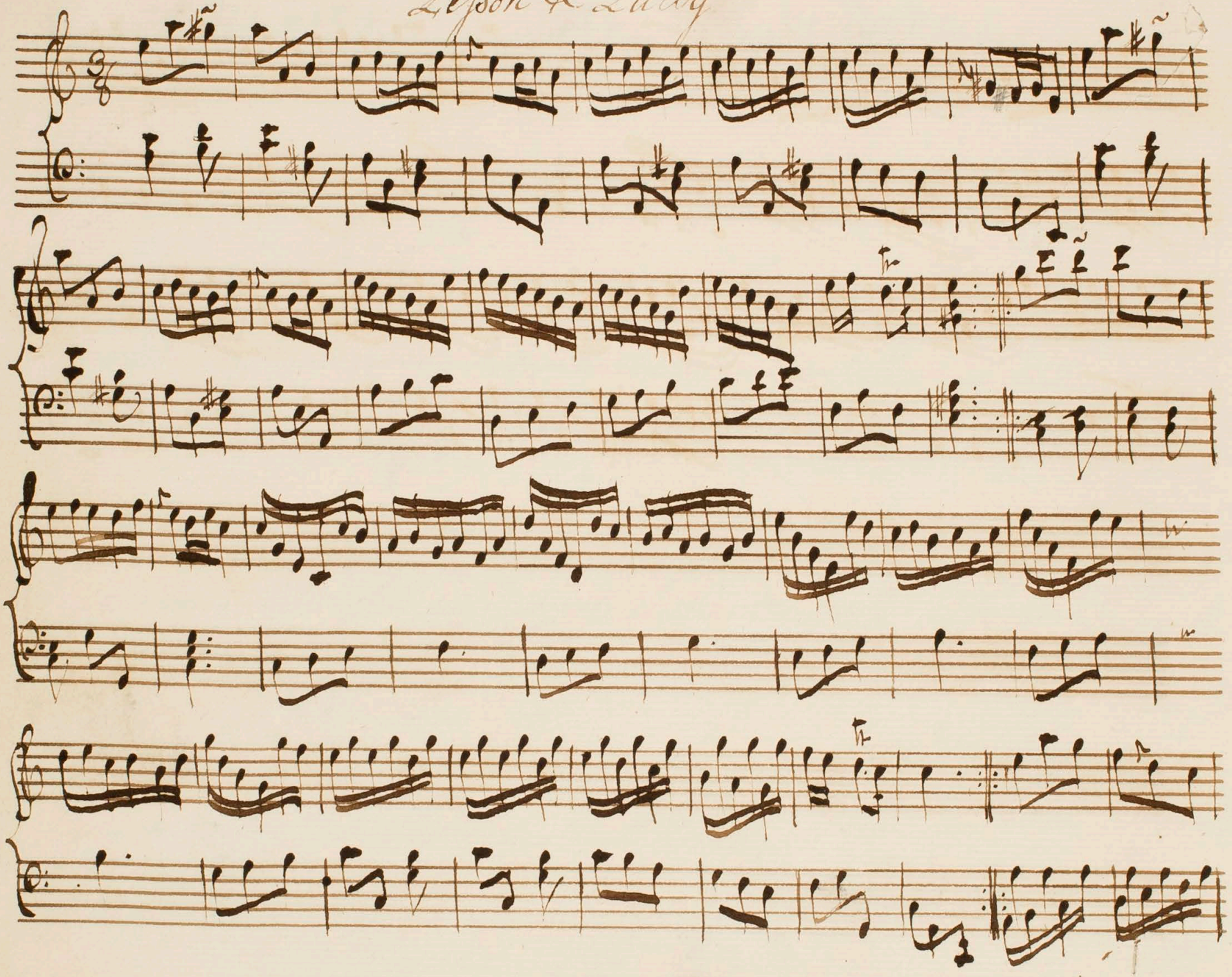
Air in Harlequin Sorcerer

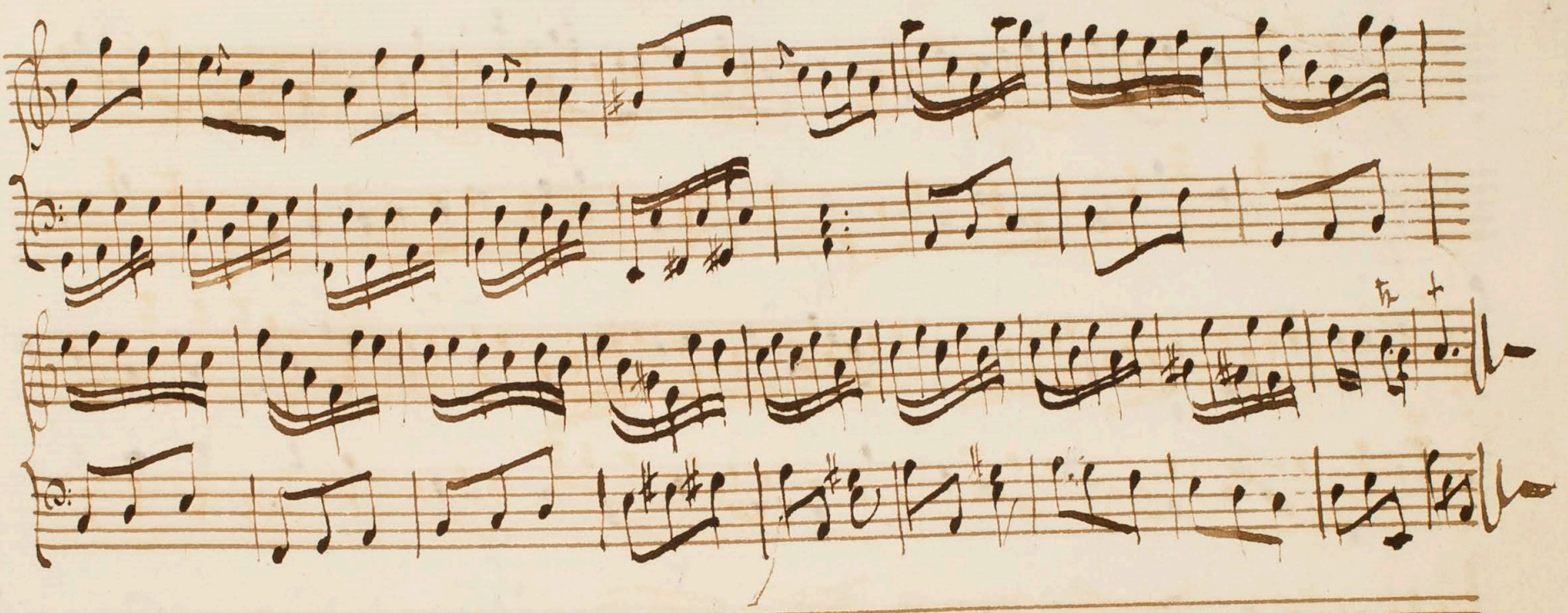


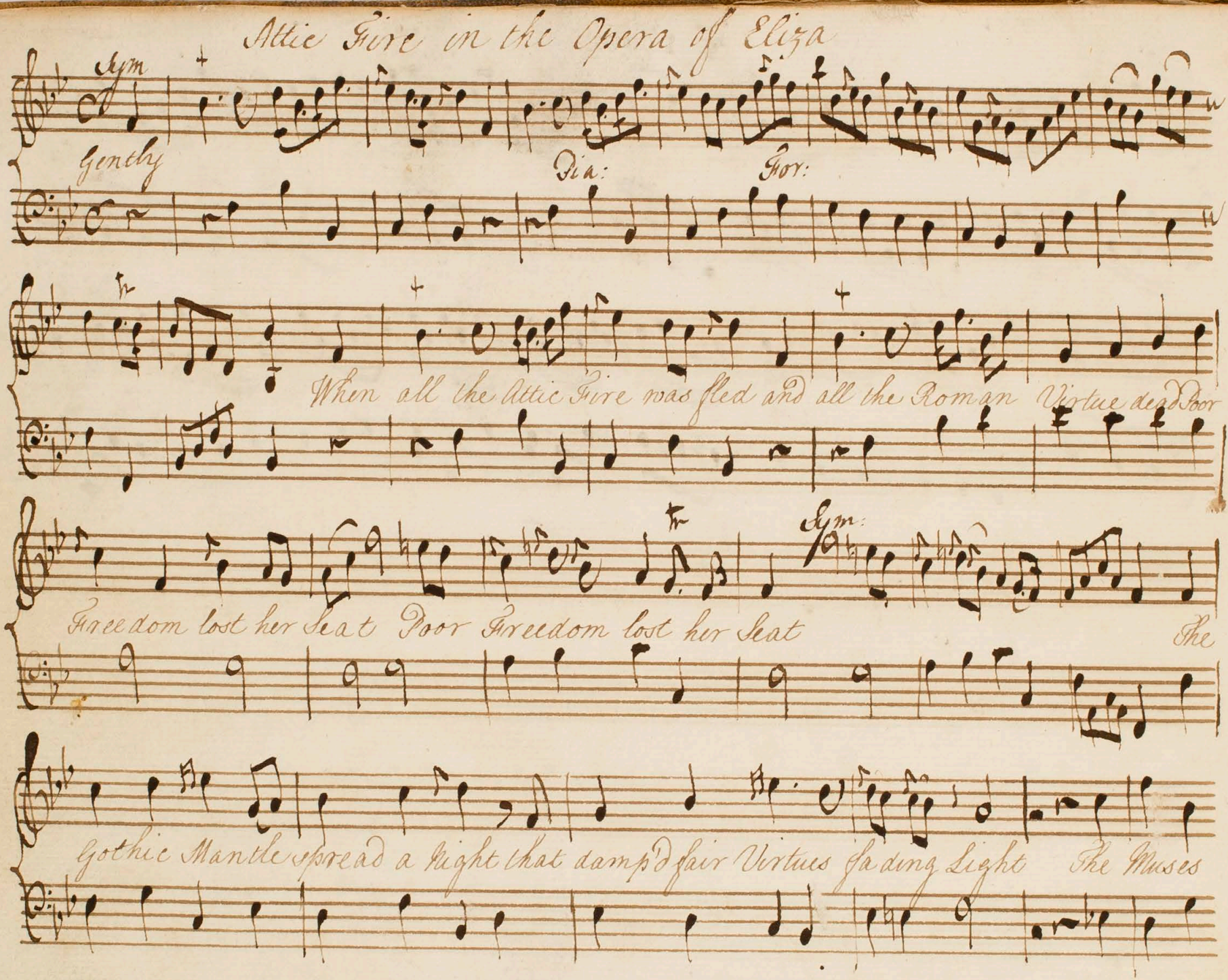

Ye
chearfull virgins have ye seen my Fair Myrtilla pass the green to Rose or Jesmine Bow'r to
Rose or Jesmine Bow'r Where does she seek the woodbine shade for sure ye know the Blooming Maid
Sweet as the Mayborn Flow'r sweet sweet as the Mayborn Flow'r



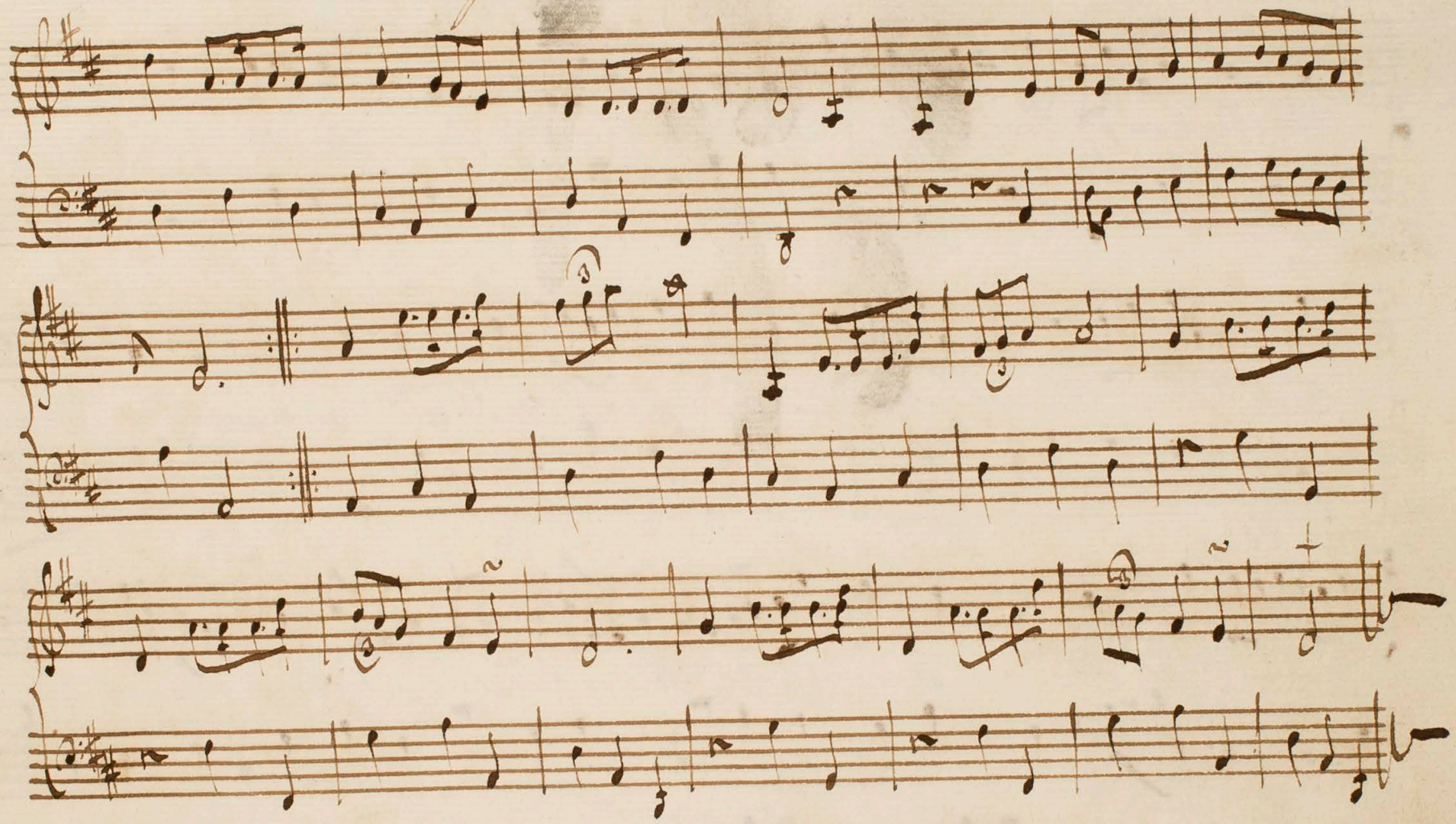
Lefson & Lully

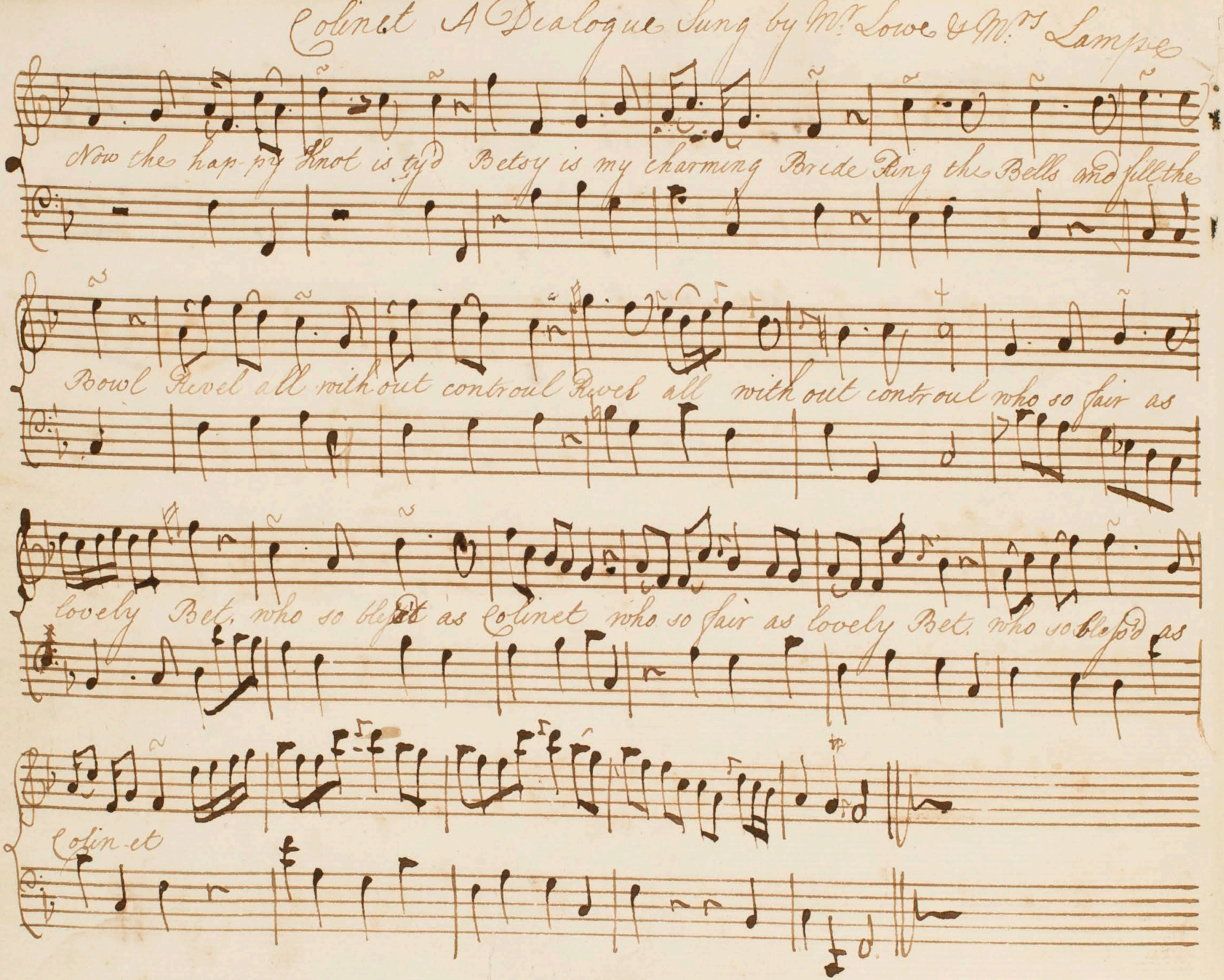





Attic Fire in the Opera of Eliza
Sym
Gently
Dia:
For:
When all the Attic Fire was fled and all the Roman Virtue dead Poor
Sym:
Freedom lost her Seat Poor Freedom lost her Seat
The
Gothic Mantle spread a Night that damp'd fair Virtues fading Light The Muses

The Genoese Minuet





Colinet A Dialogue Sung by Mr. Lowe & Mrs. Lampe

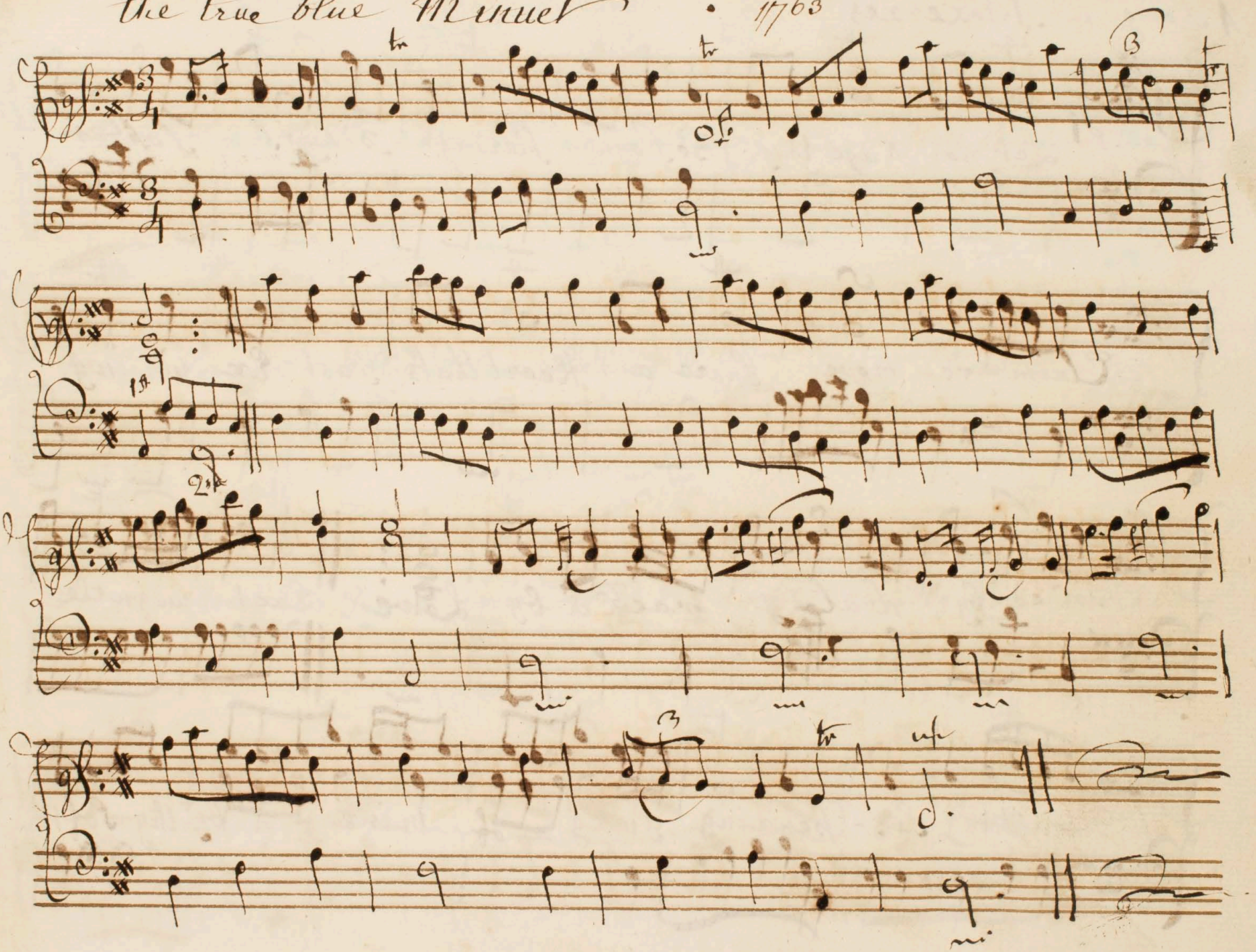
Now the hap-py Knot is tyd Betsy is my charming Bride Ring the Bells and fill the

Bowl Revel all with out controul Revel all with out controul who so fair as

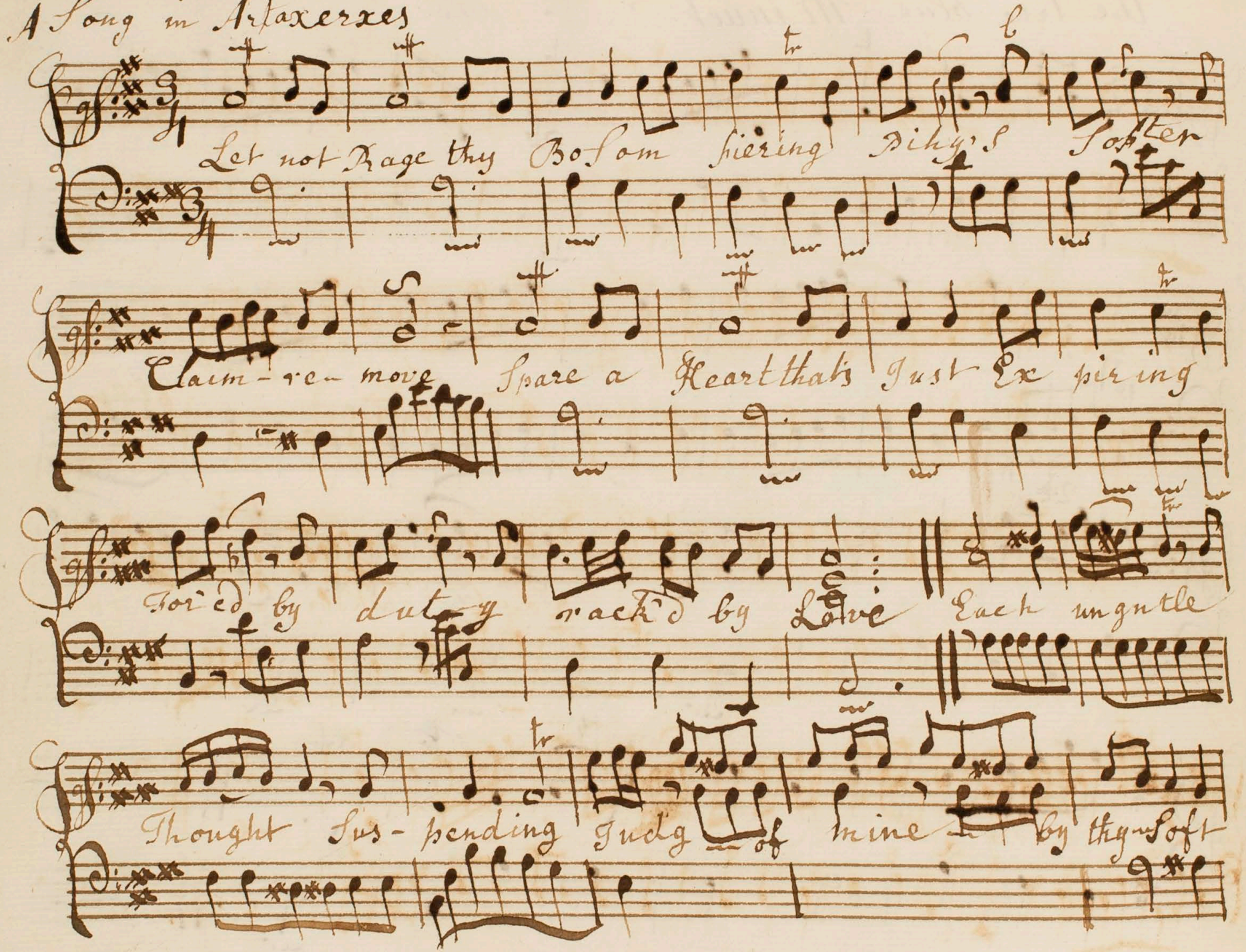
lovely Bet, who so blest as Colinet who so fair as lovely Bet, who so bless'd as

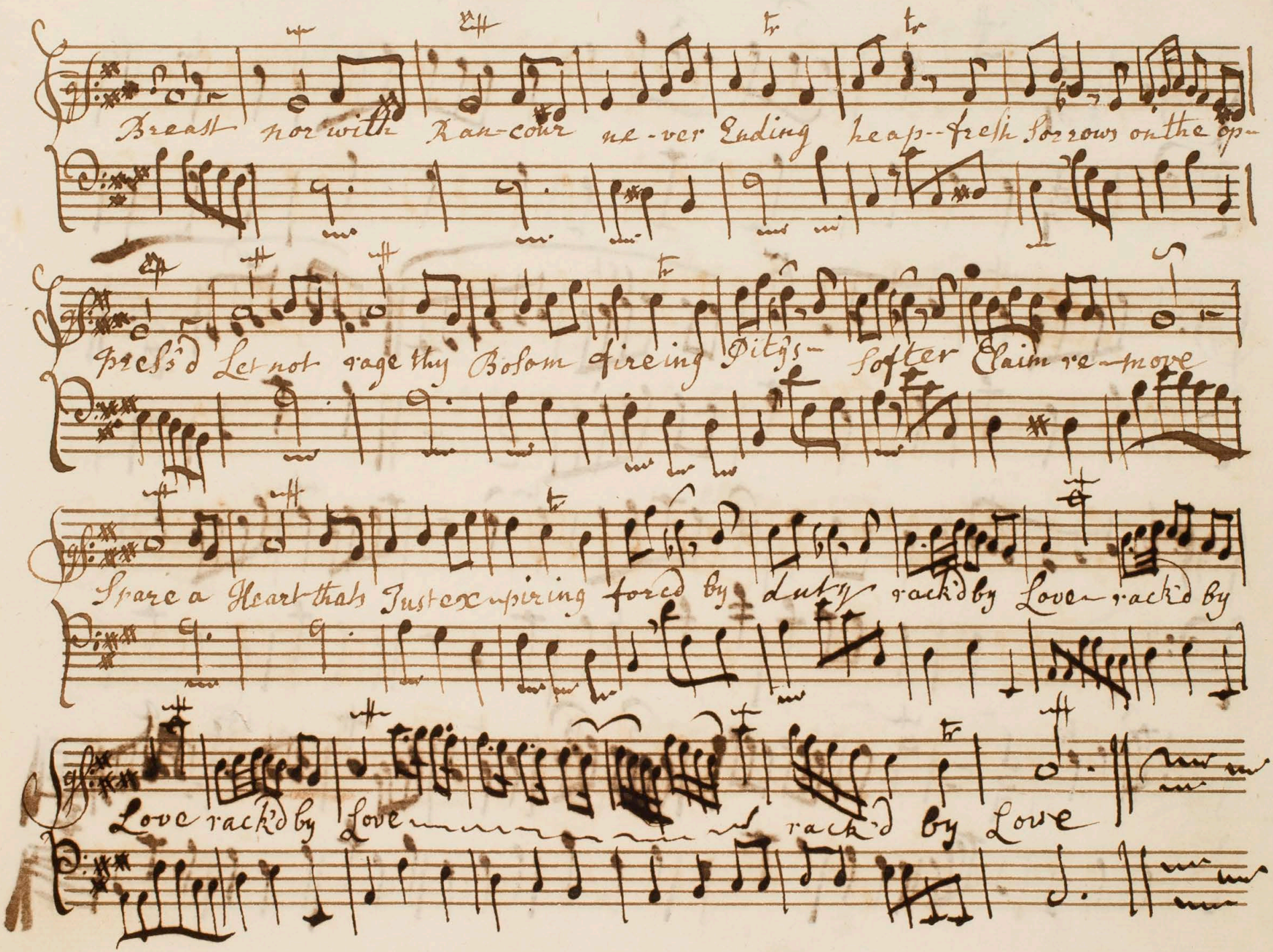
Colin-et

the true Blue Minuet • 1763

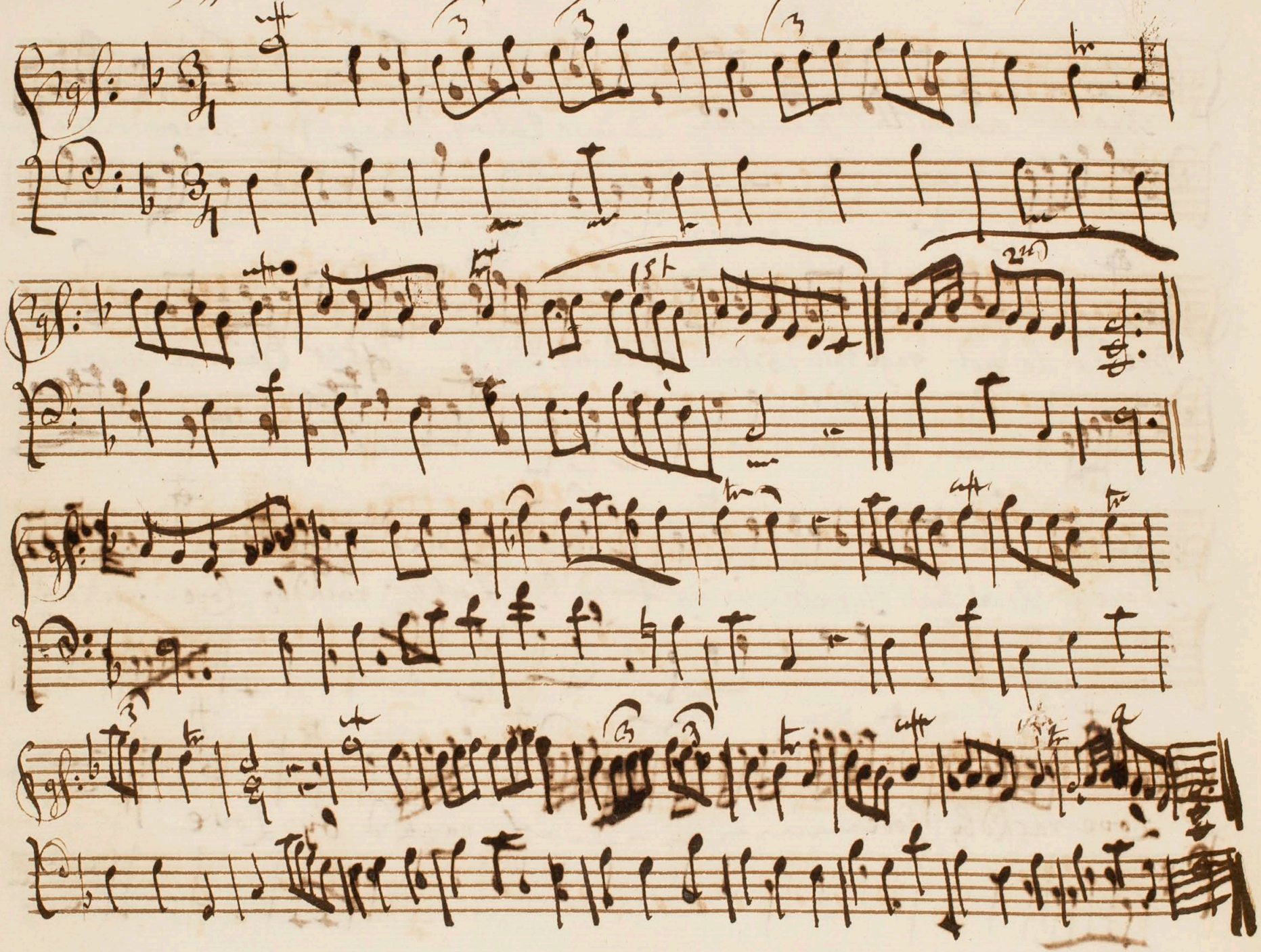


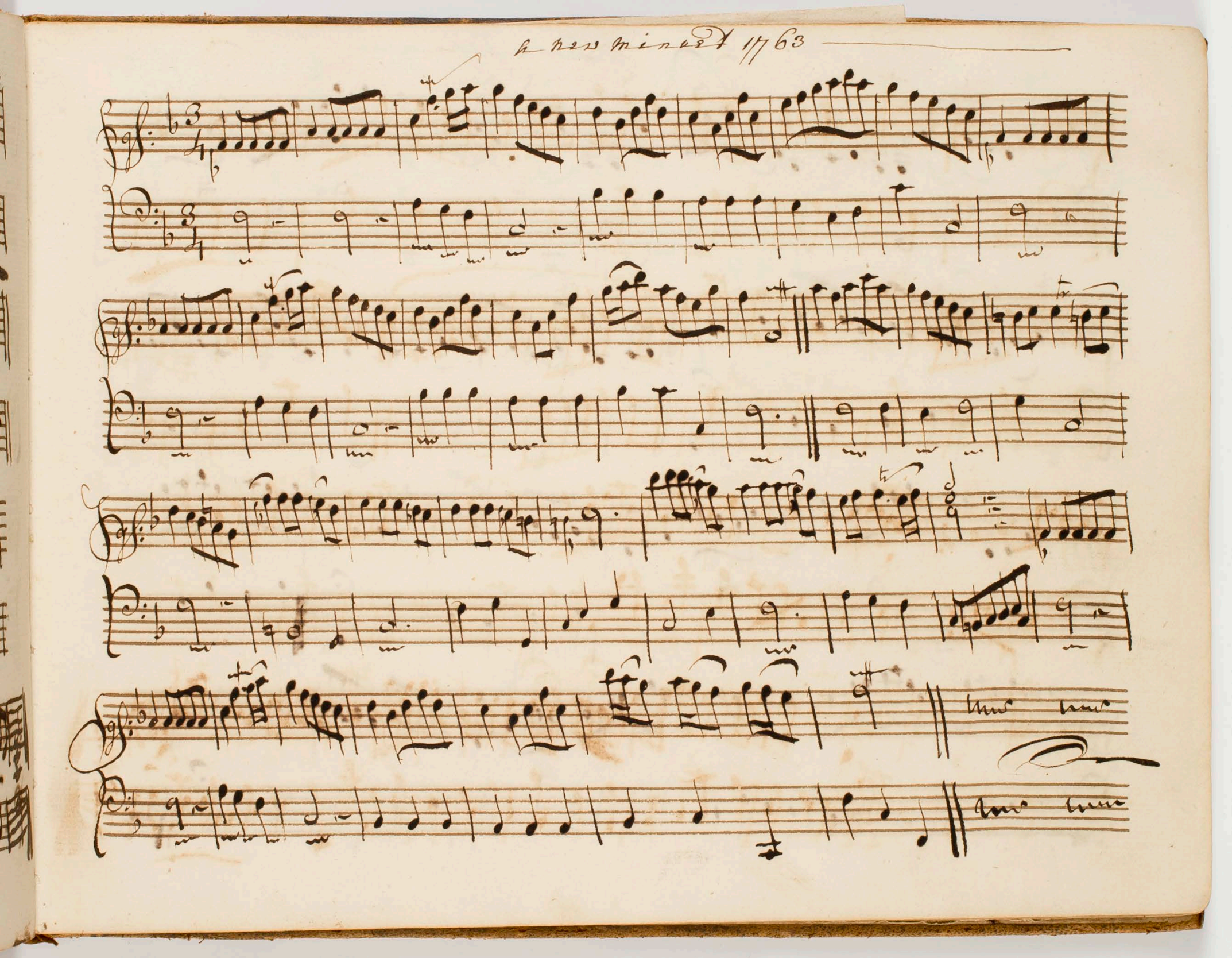
A Song in Artaxerxes

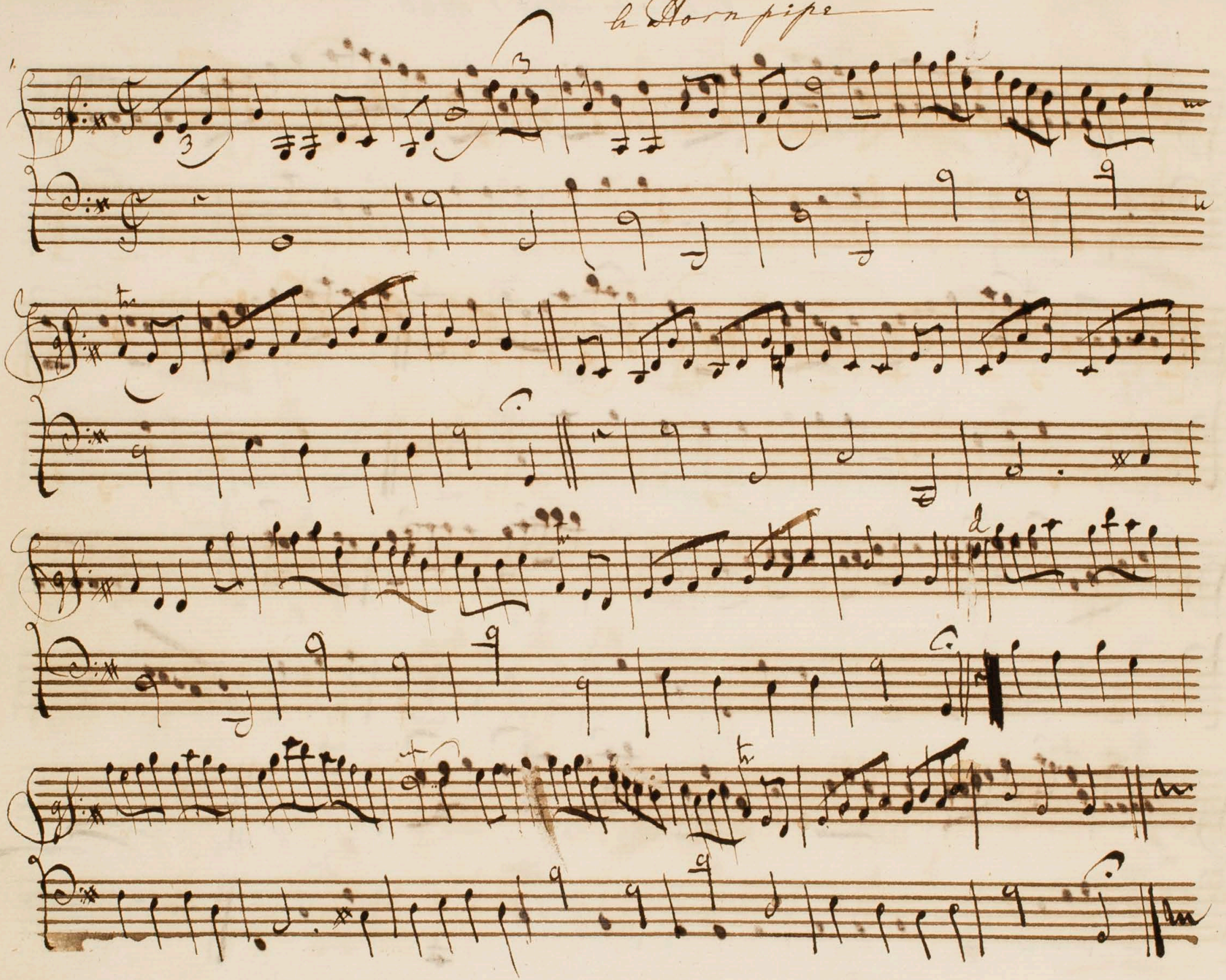


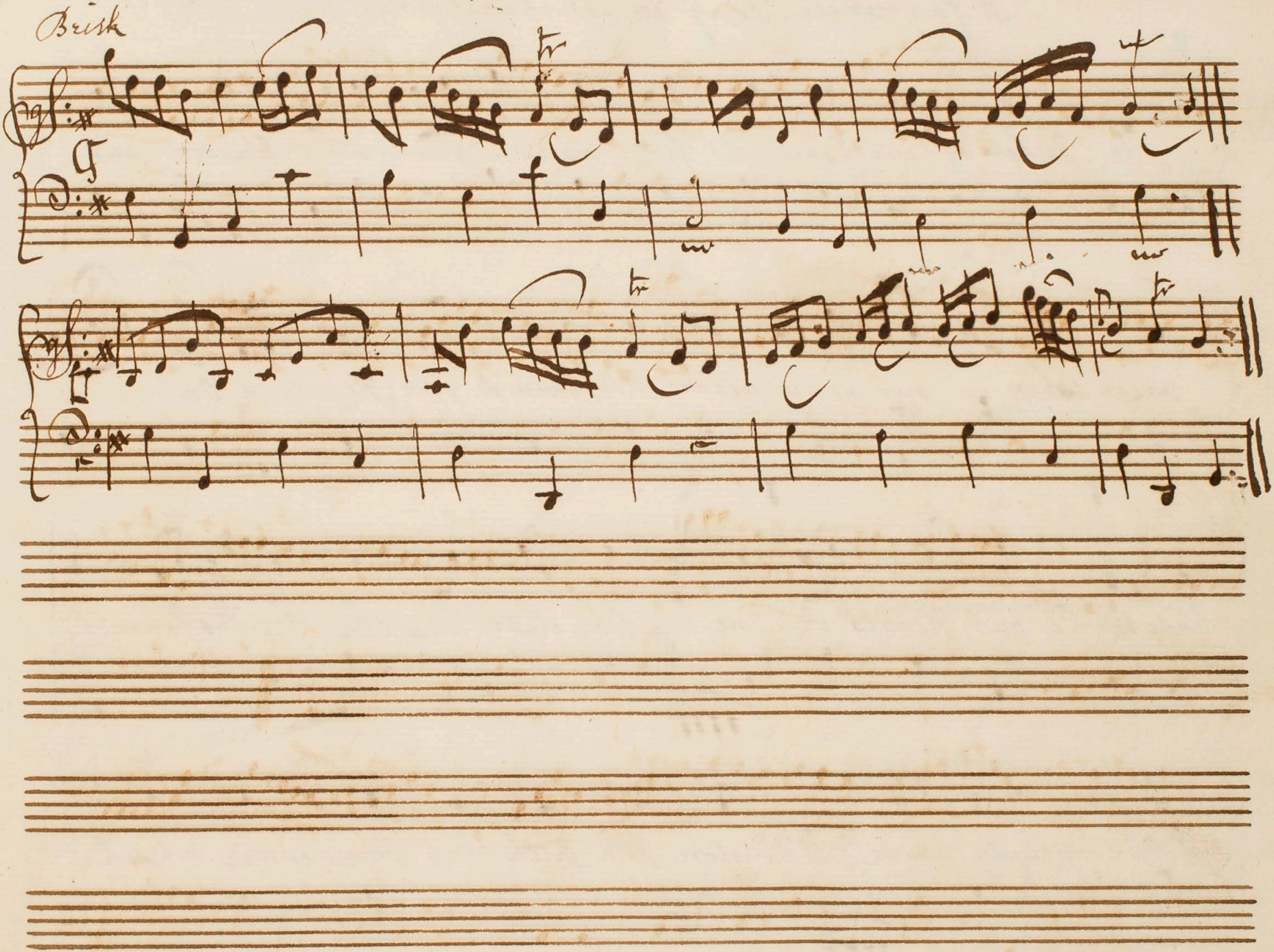

Breast nor with Ran-cour ne-ver Ending heap-fresh Sorrows on the op-
prest Let not rage thy Bosom fireing Pitys- softer Claim re-move
Spare a Heart that Just expiring forced by duty rack'd by Love rack'd by
Love rack'd by Love rack'd by Love

A new minuet, 1763

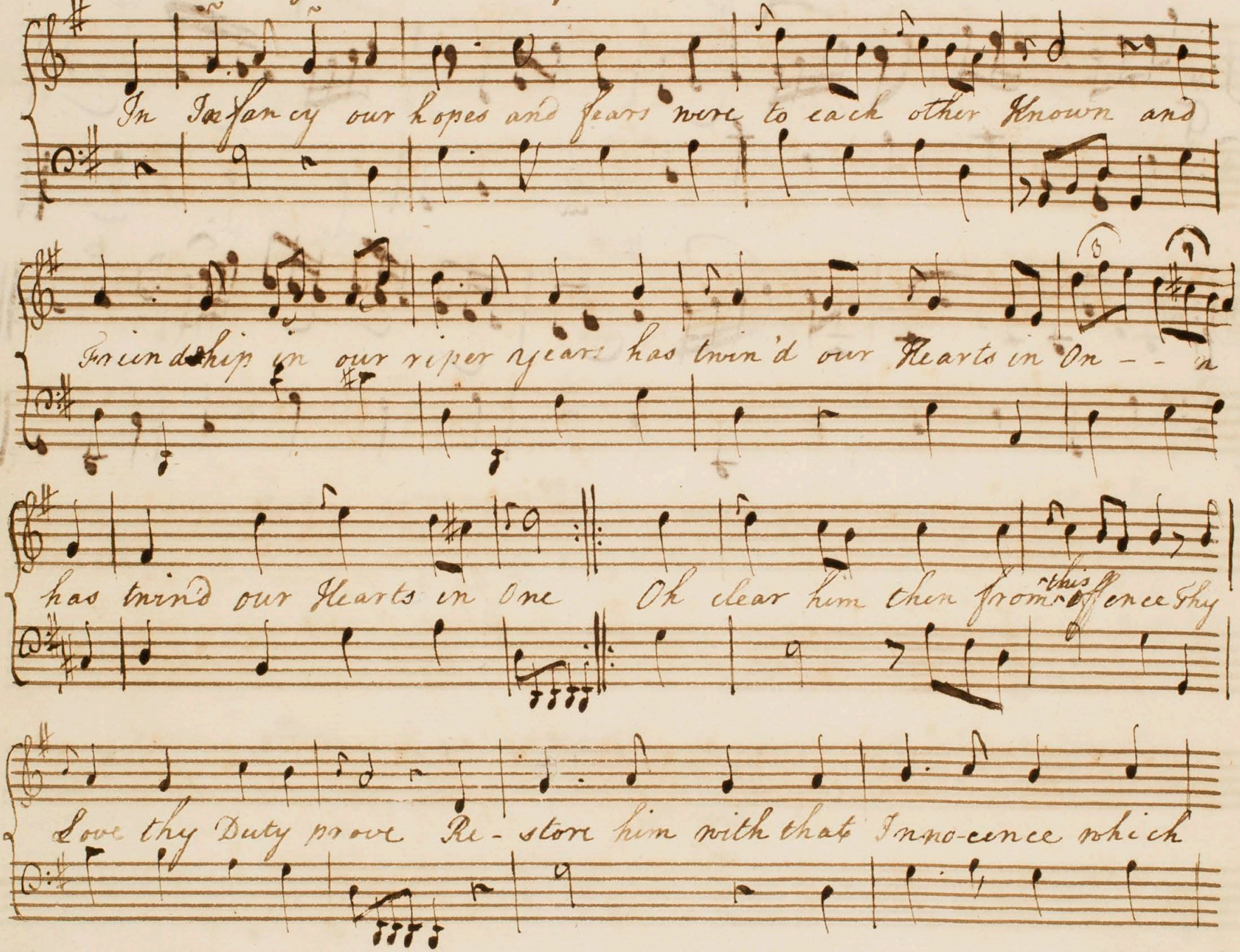


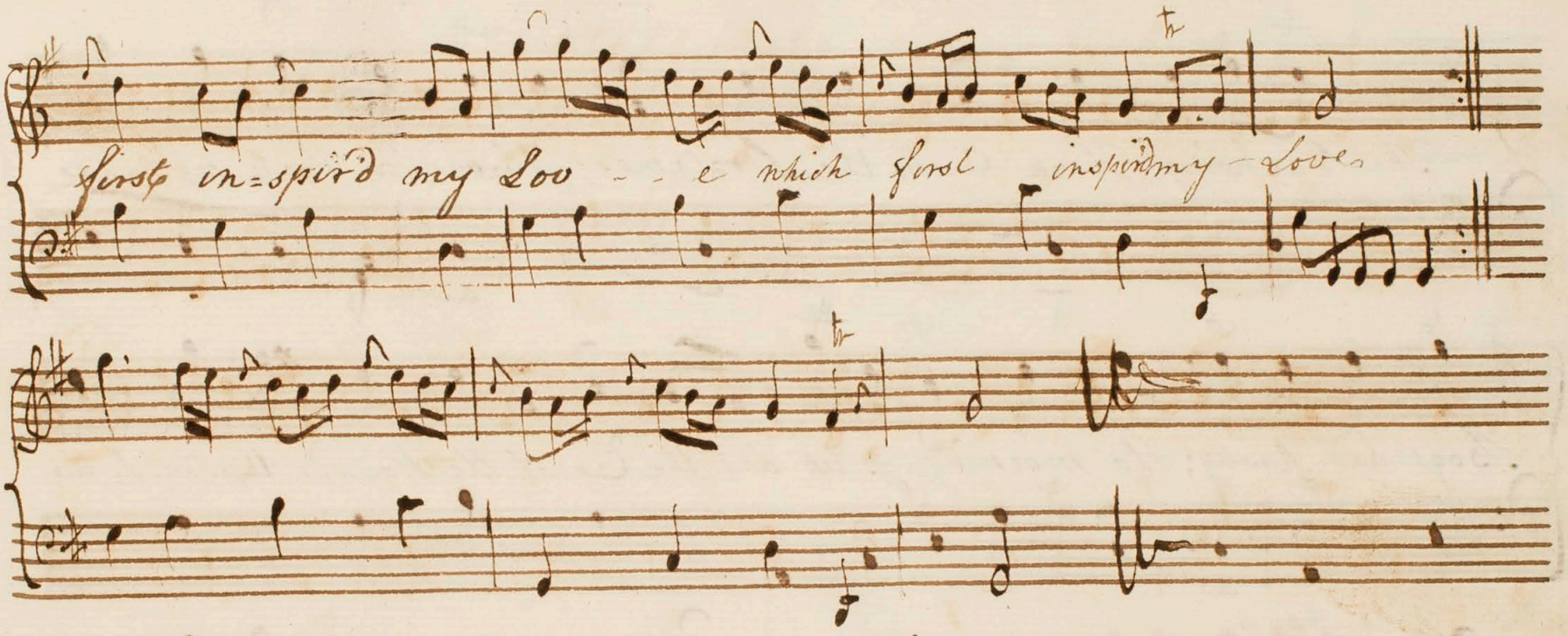

a new minuet 1763


La Hornpipe


Brisk

A favourite Song in Artaxerxes



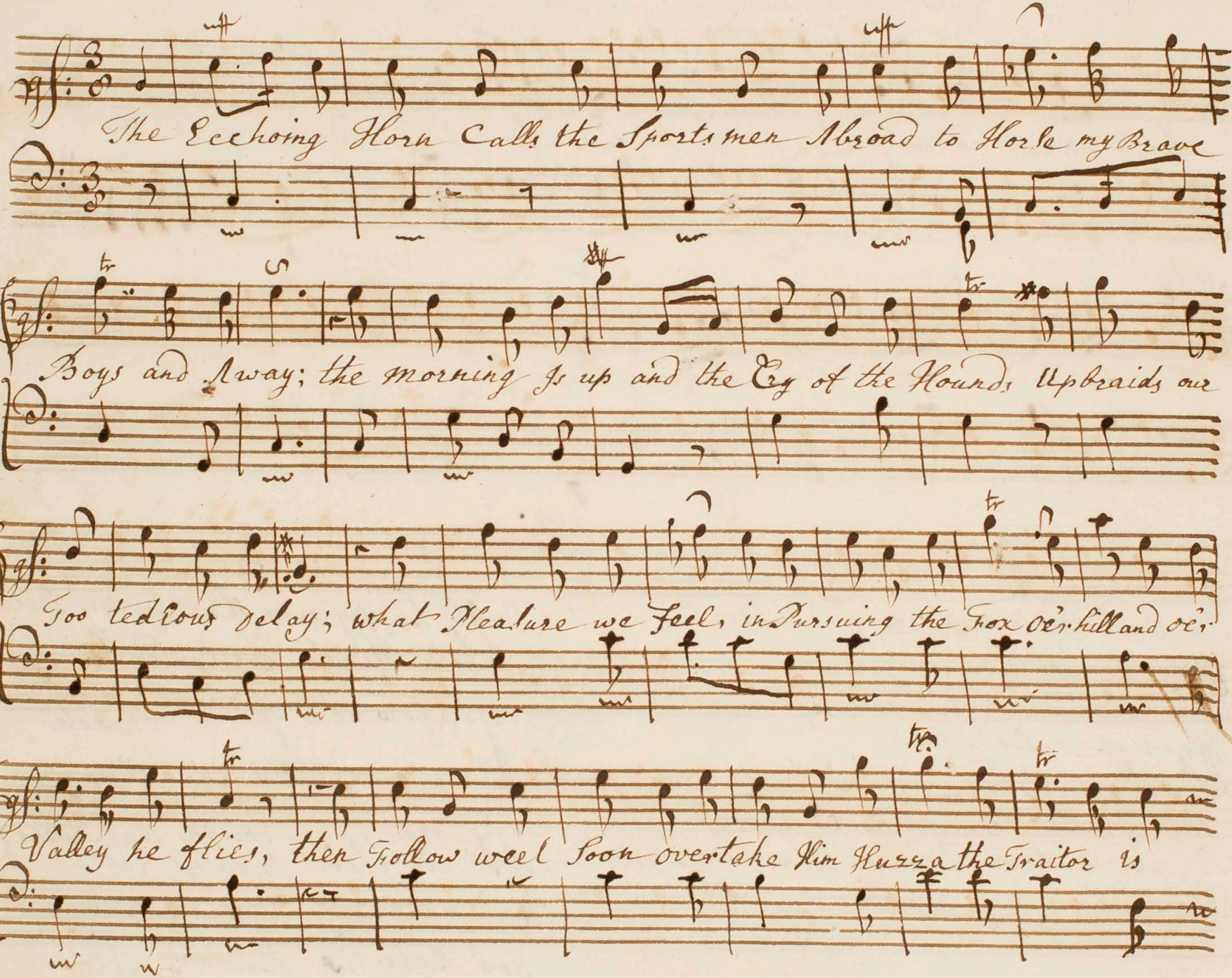


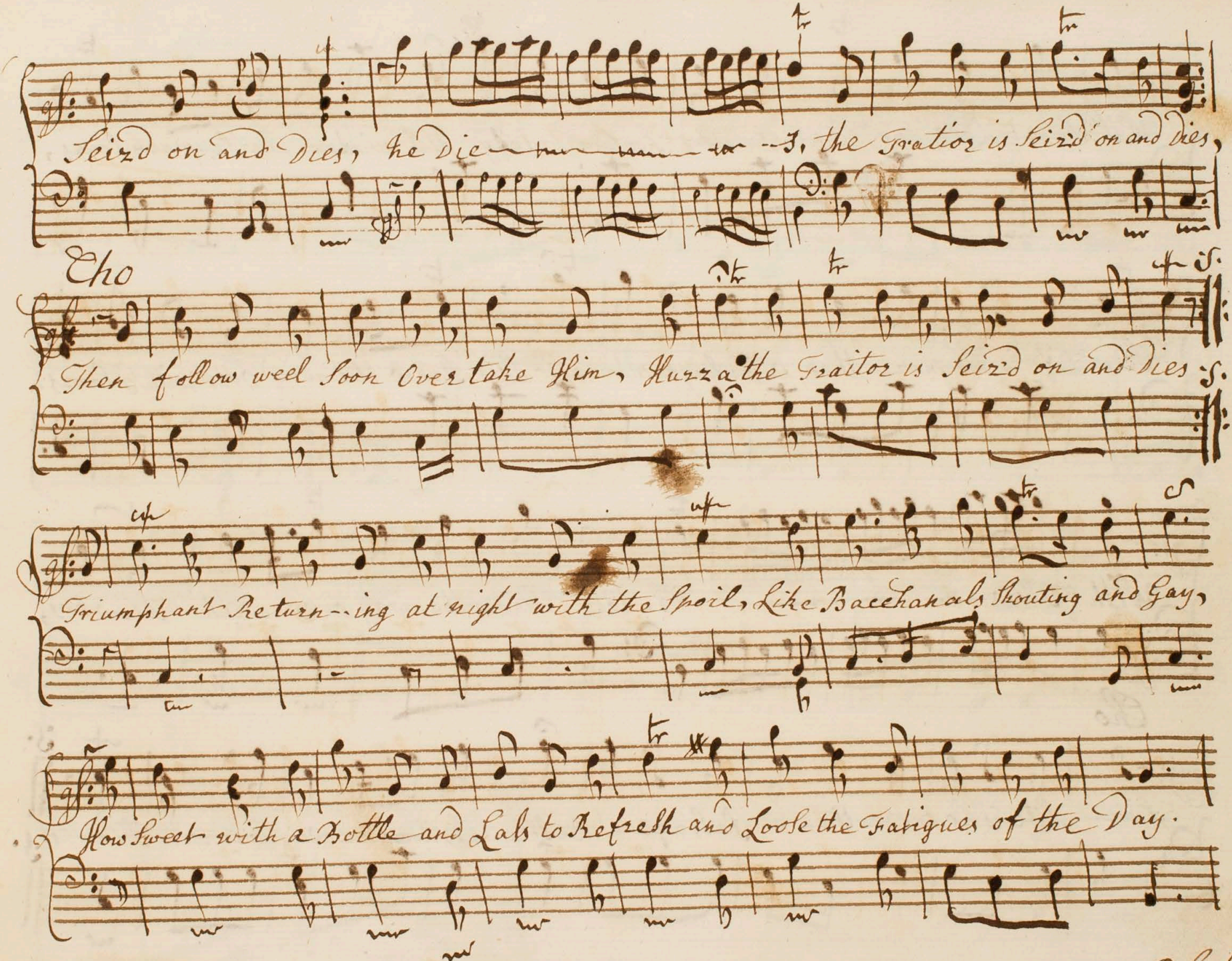
2

In Infancy our Hopes and Fears
Were to each other known
No Sordid Int'rest then appears
Affection rules alone
My Friendship ripend with our Youth
The Fruit was gathered there
Bright Wisdom and fair Blooming Truth
Subsided every Care

3

Ah happy more than happy State
When Hearts are bound in one
Yet few so rigid is our Fate
May not the Tender Crown
By one rude Touch the Roses fall
And all their Beauty's fade
In vain we Sigh in Vain we call
Too late is Human Aid


The Eccho'ing Horn Calls the Sportsmen Abroad to Horse my Brave
Boys and Away; the morning is up and the Cry of the Hounds Upbraids our
too tedious delay; what Pleasure we Feel, in Pursuing the Fox o'er hill and o'er
Valley he flies, then Follow weel Soon overtake Him Huzza the Traitor is



Seizd on and Dies, he Die--- --s, the Traitor is Seizd on and Dies,

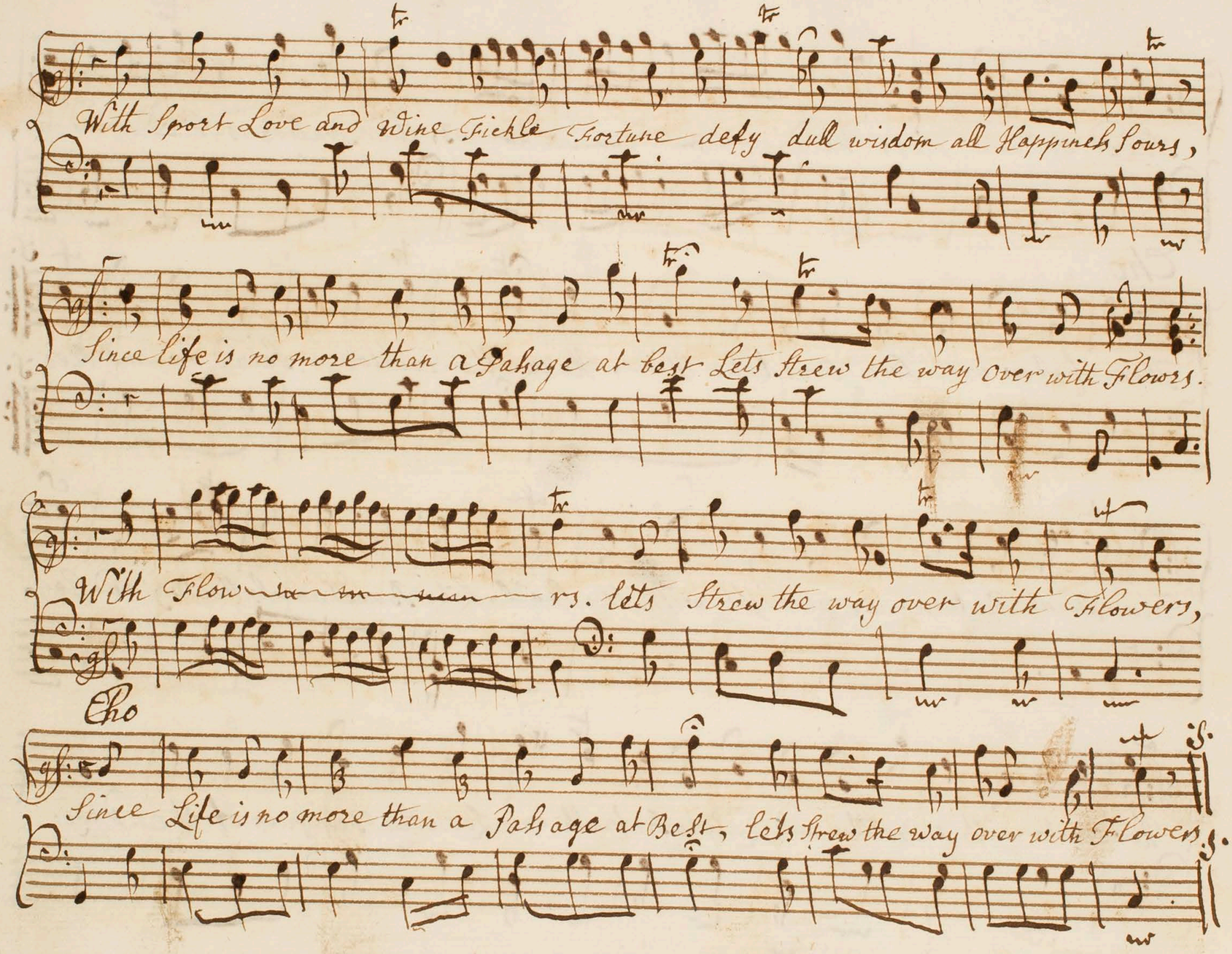
Cho

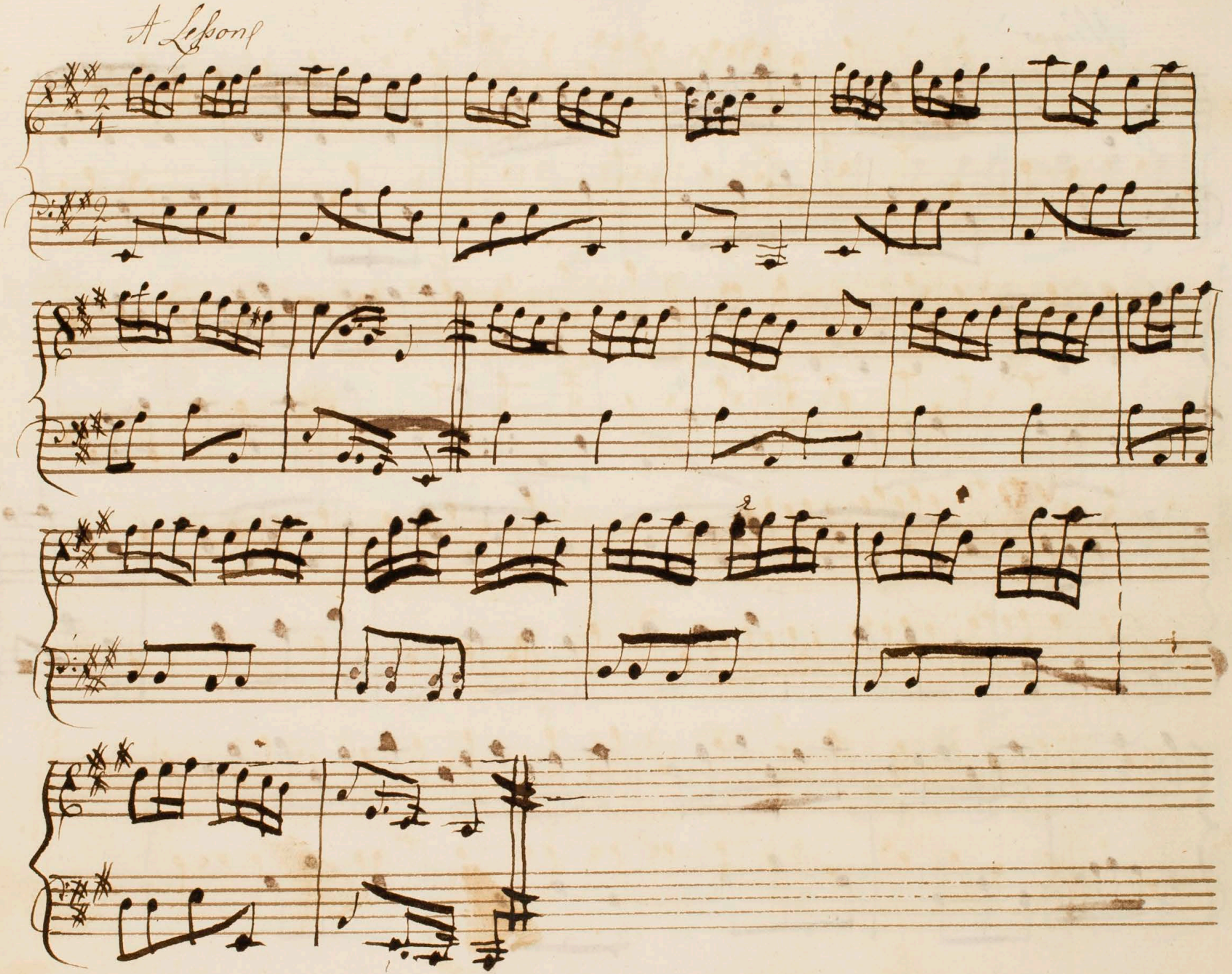
Then follow weel Soon Overtake Him, Hurra the Traitor is Seizd on and Dies

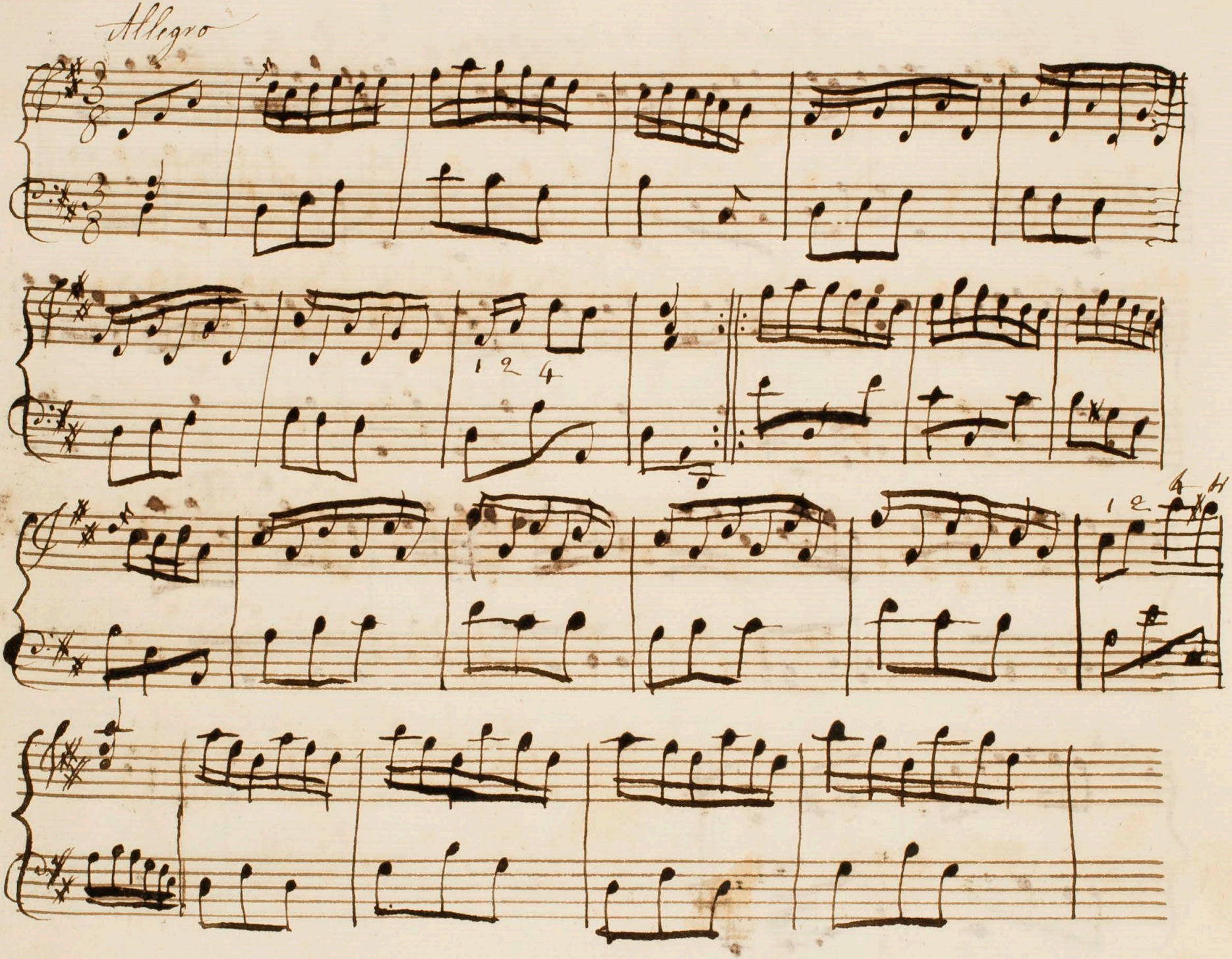
Triumphant Return--ing at night with the Spoil, Like Bacchanals Shouting and Gay,

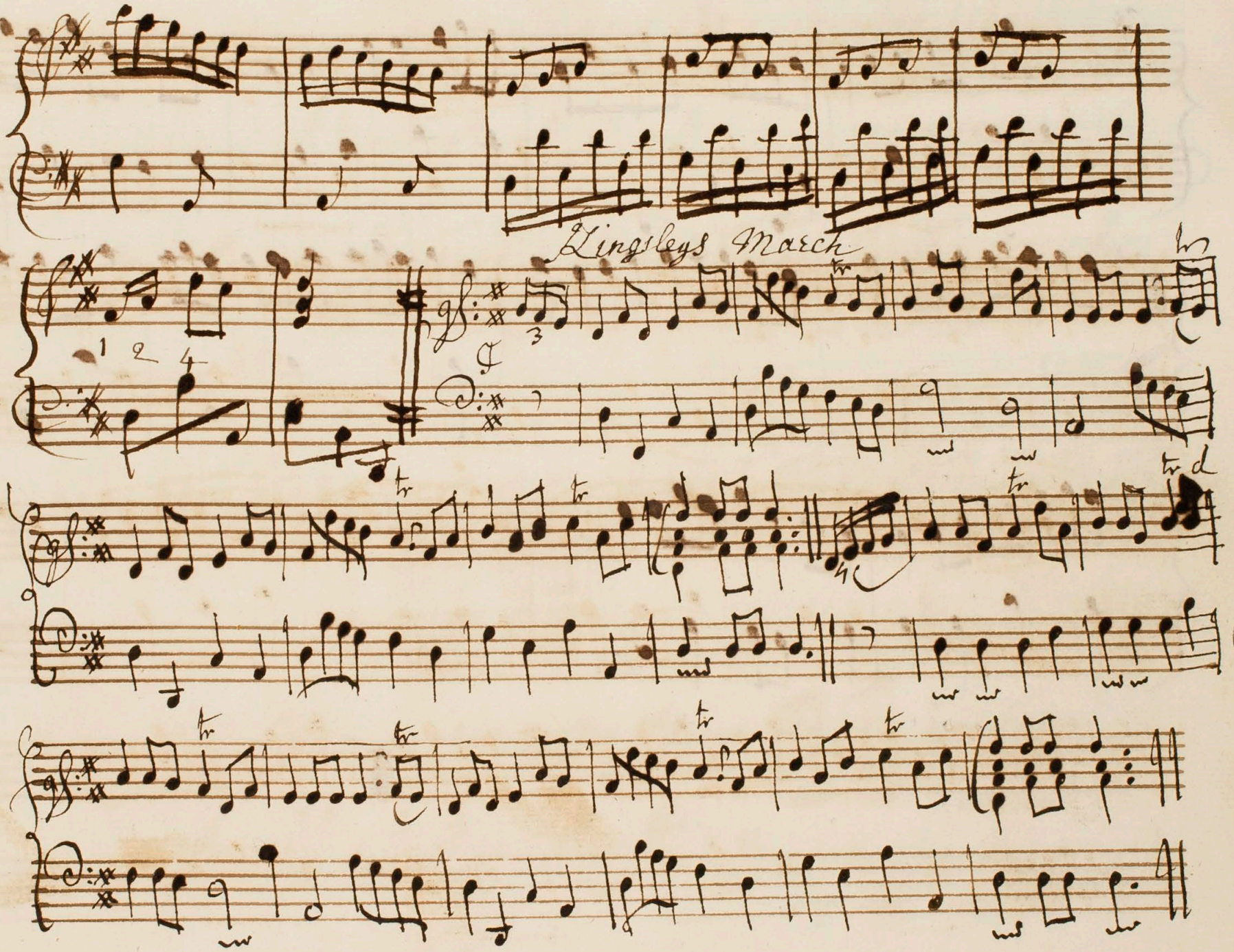
How Sweet with a Bottle and Lass to Refresh and Loose the Fatigues of the Day.

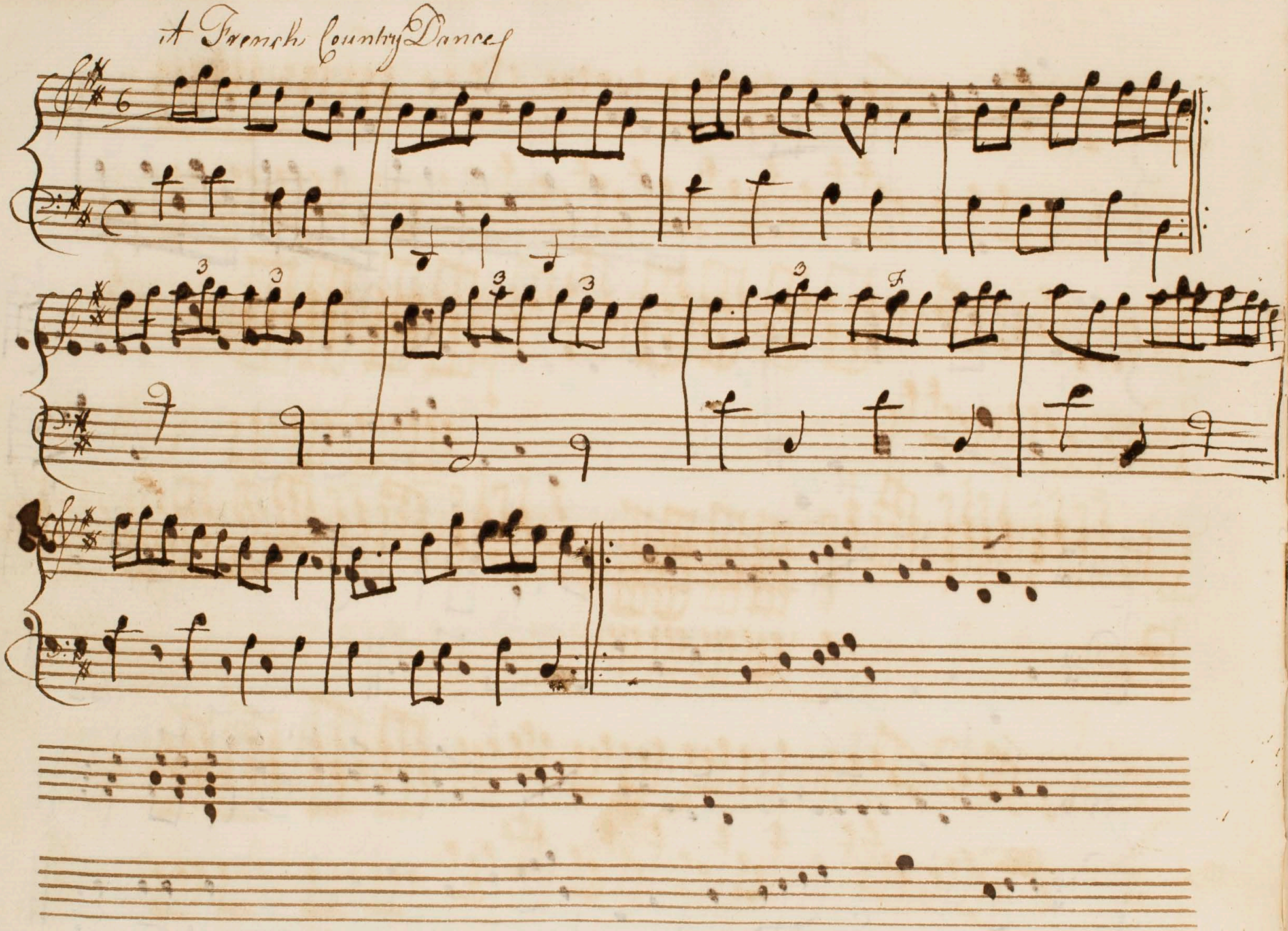
Volti


With Sport Love and Wine Fickle Fortune defy dull wisdom all Happiness Sours,
Since life is no more than a Passage at best Lets Strew the way over with Flowers.
With Flow rs. lets Strew the way over with Flowers,
Cho
Since Life is no more than a Passage at Best, Lets Strew the way over with Flowers.

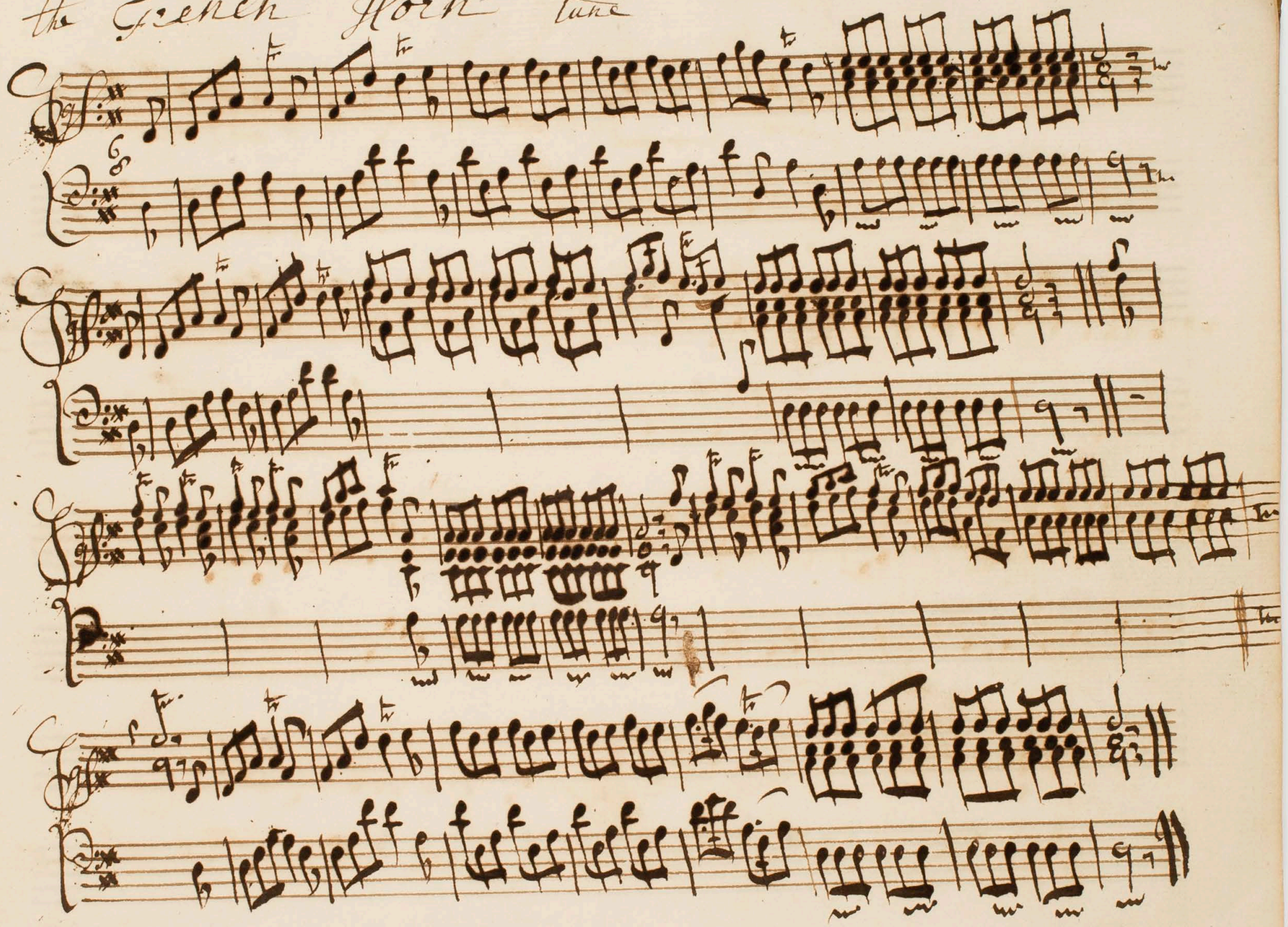

A Lesson

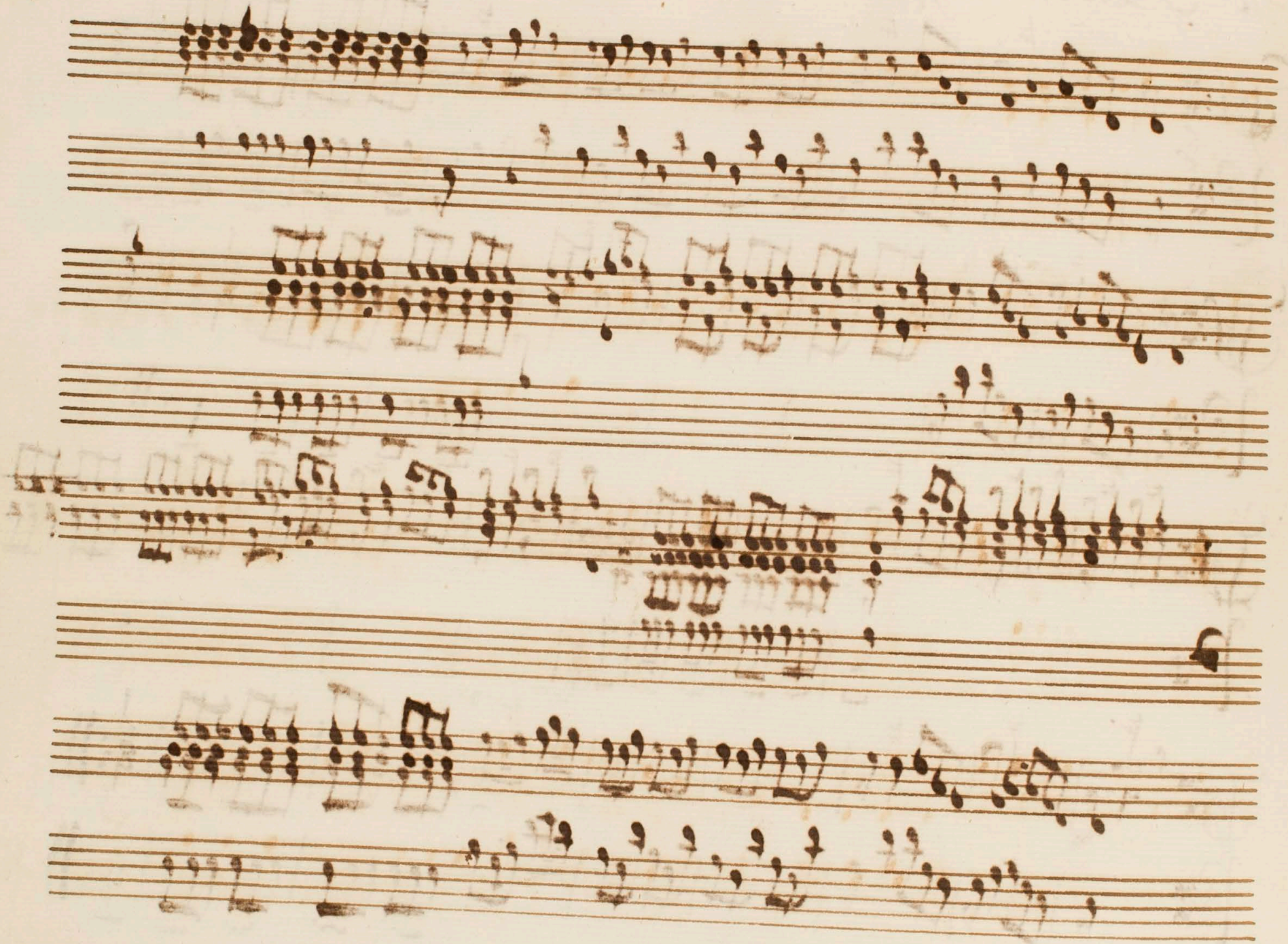

Allegro
1 2 4
1 2 4

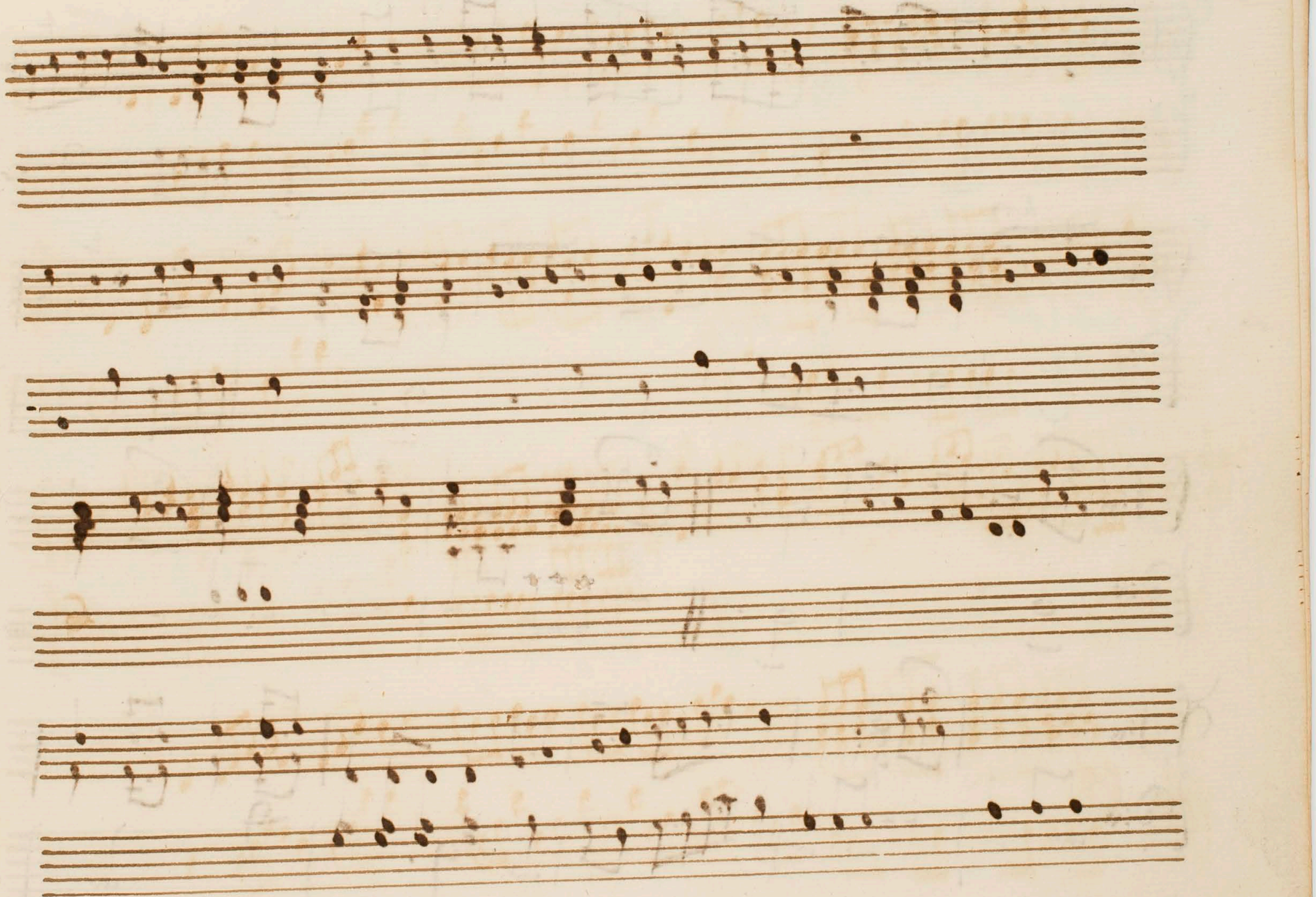

Lingsleys March


1st French Country Dance

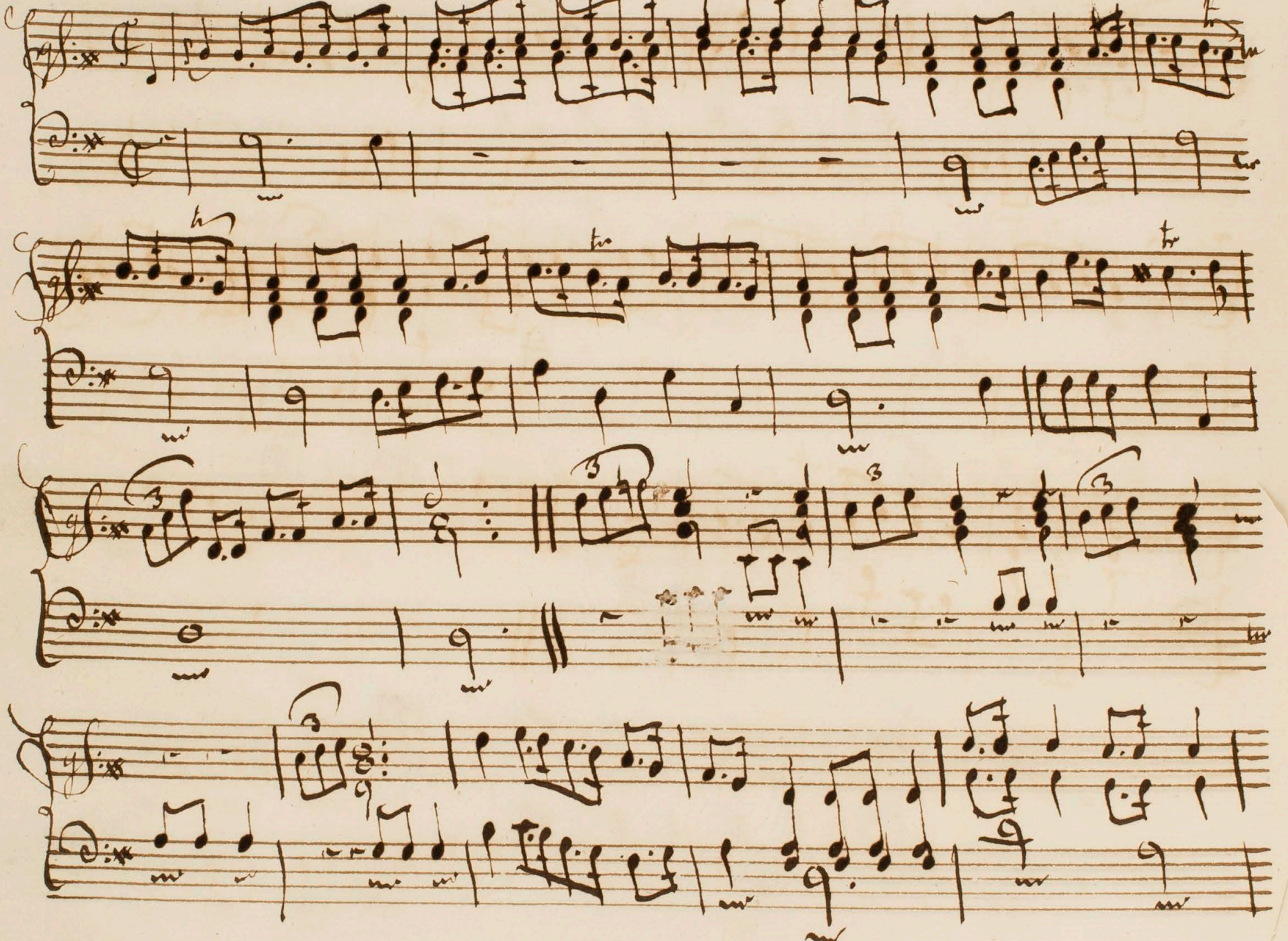
the French Horn tune

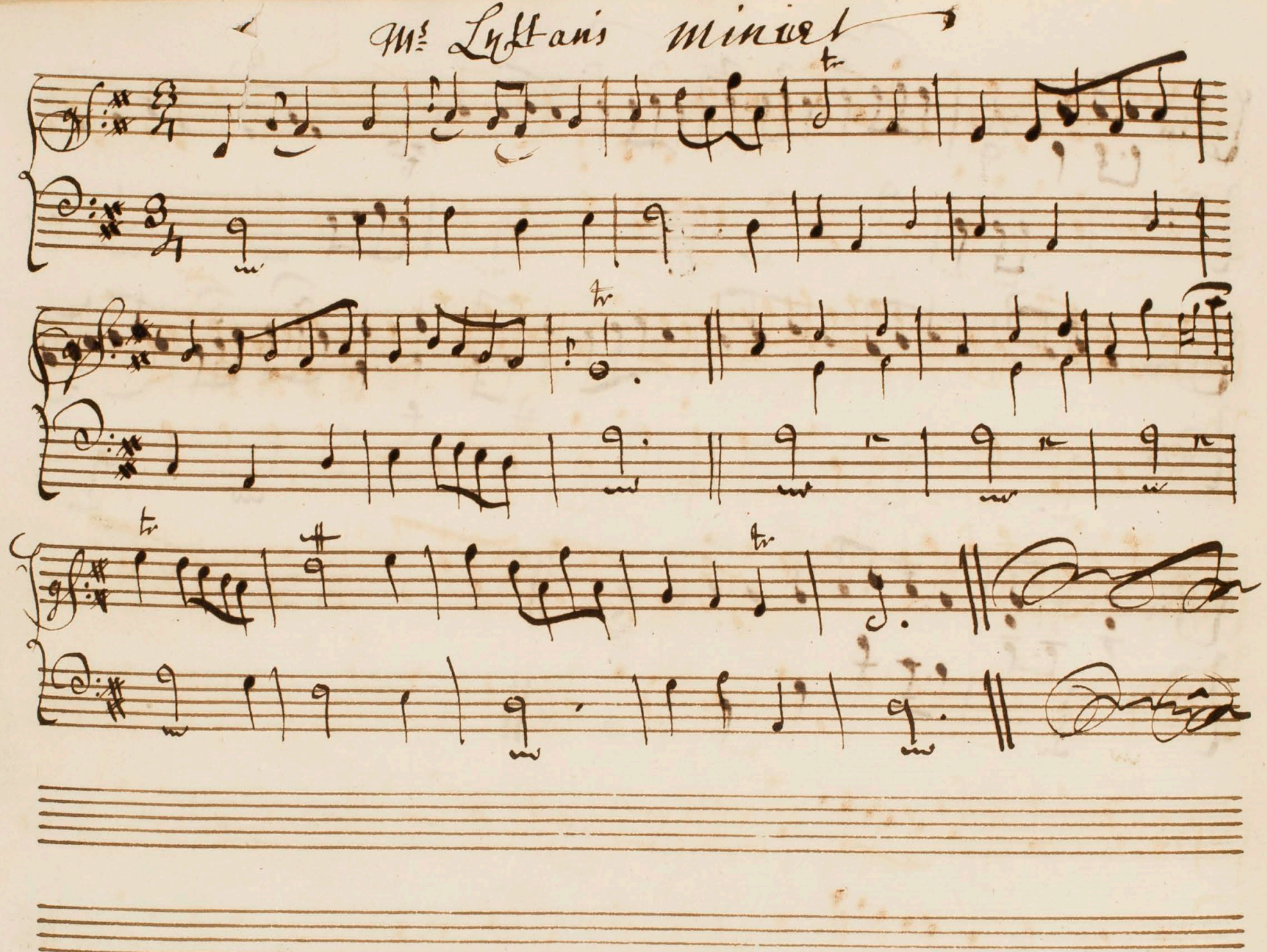




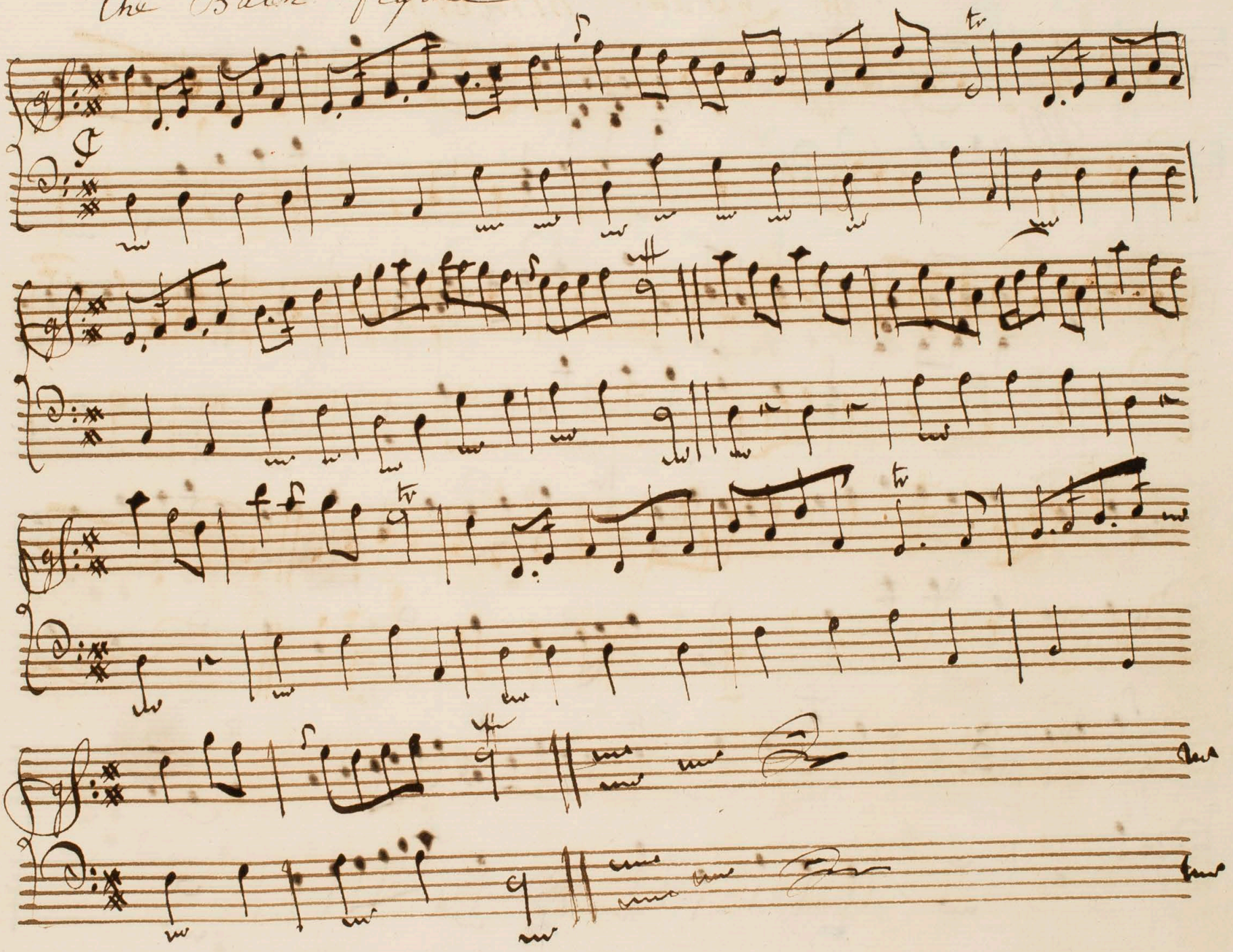


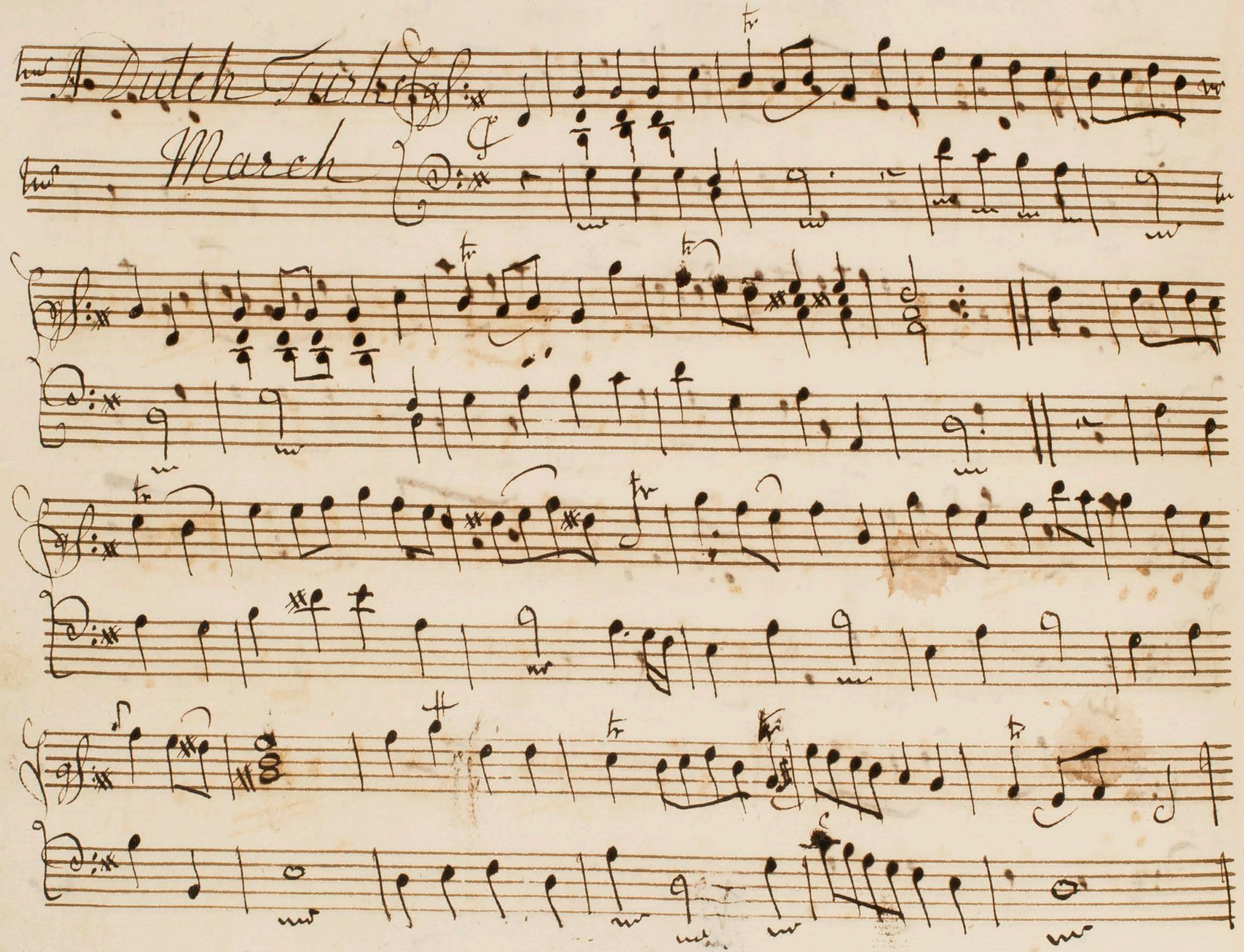
the French Marriens March

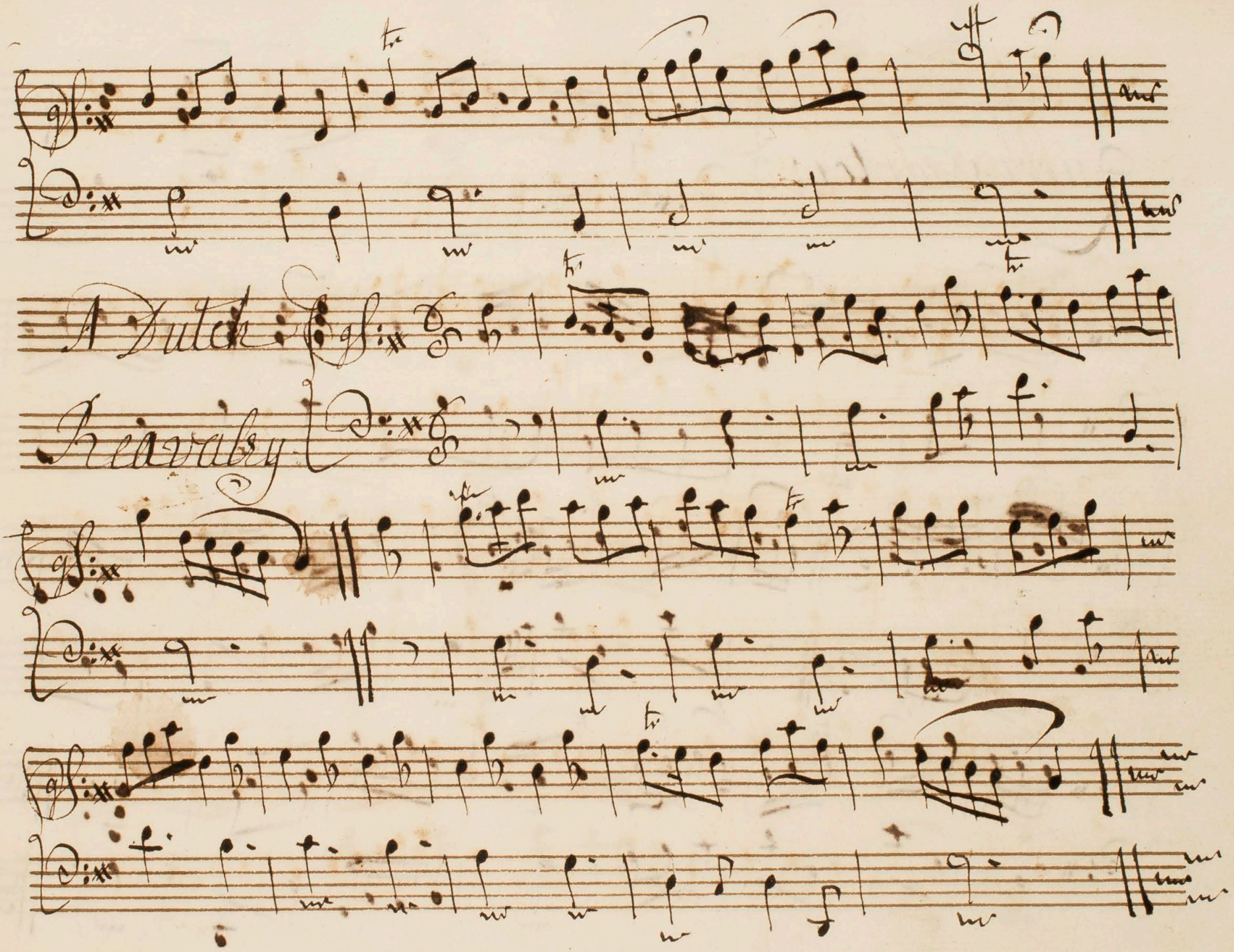


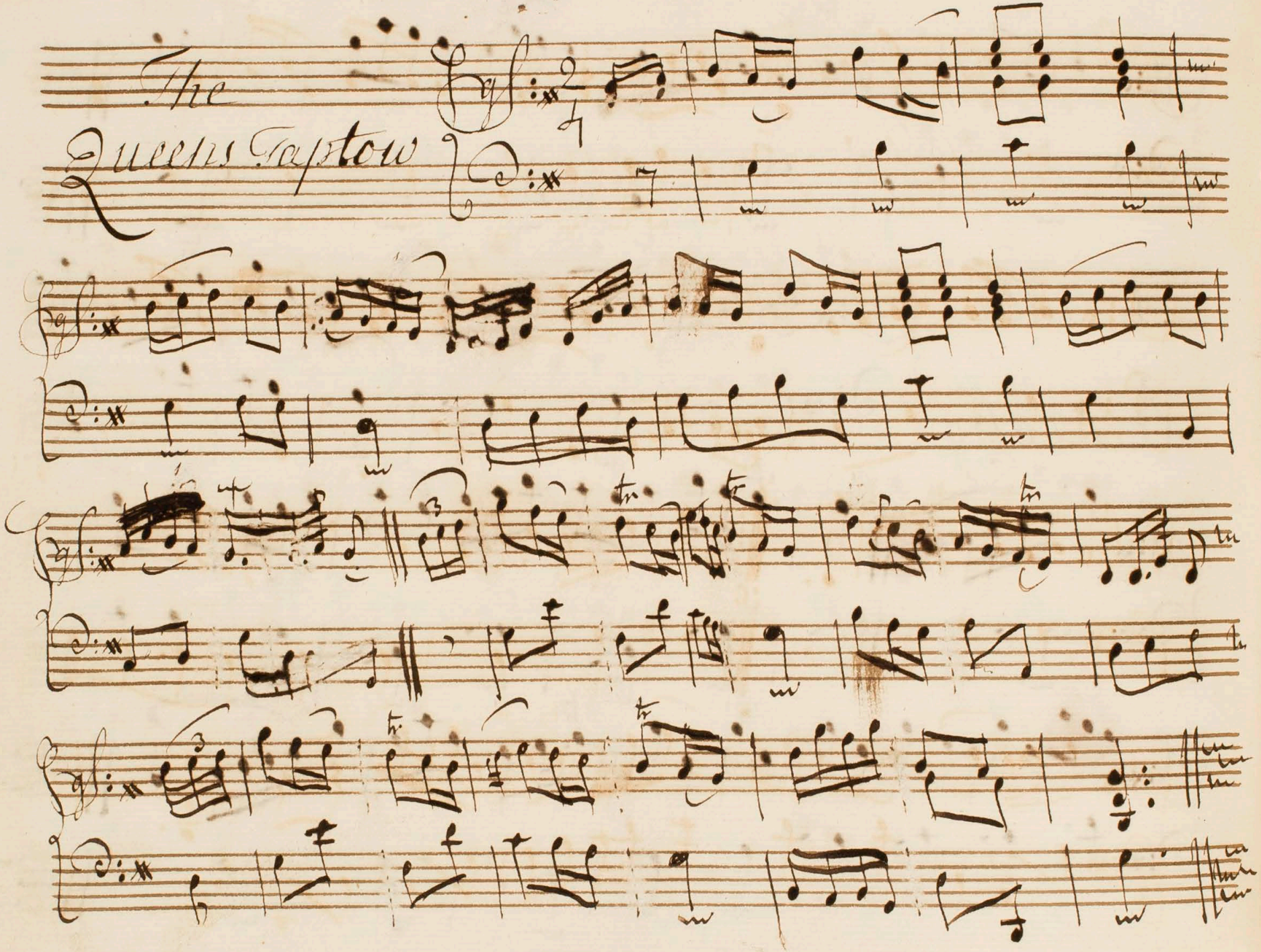

Mr Lyttans minuet

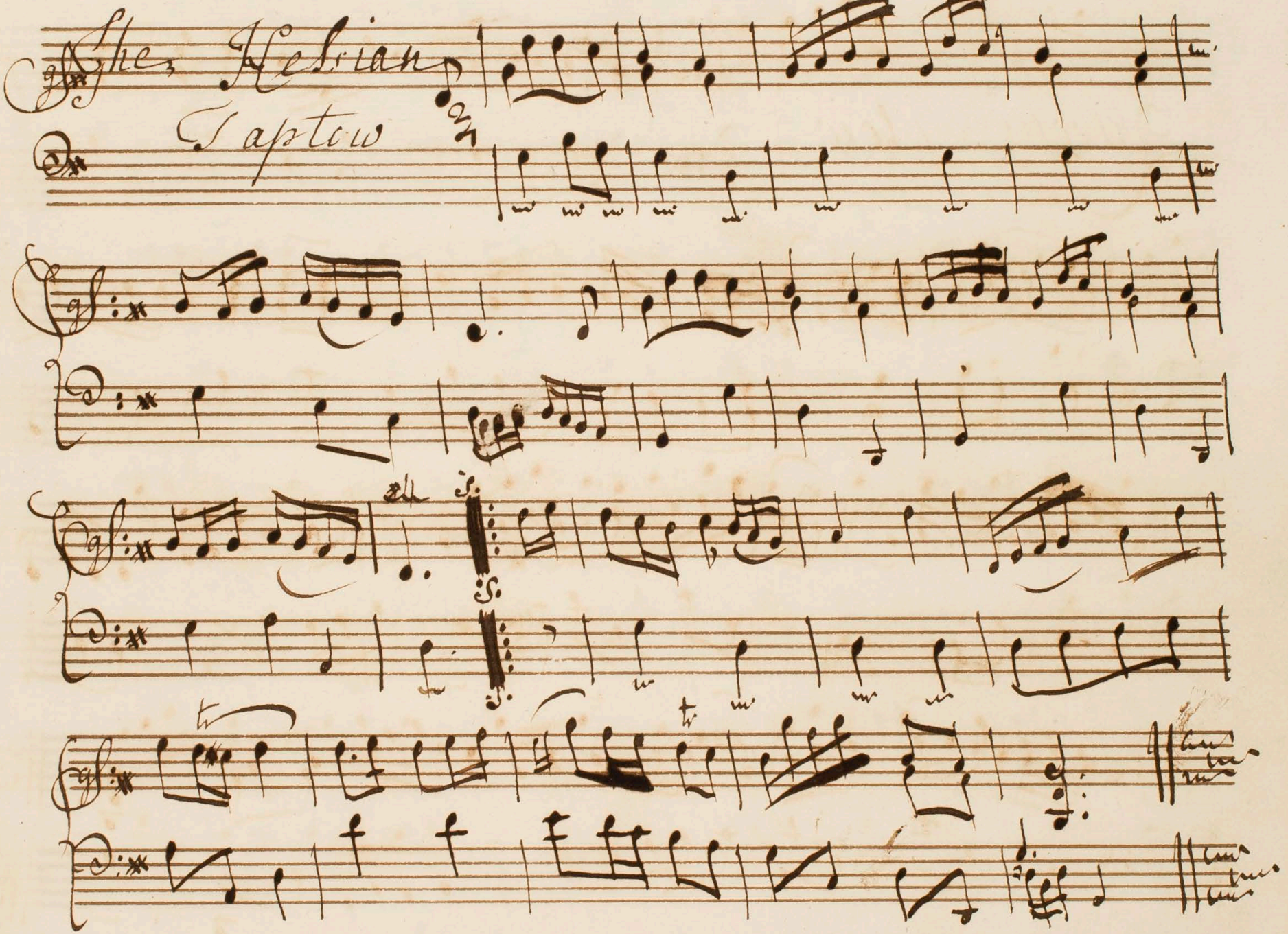
the Bath figure

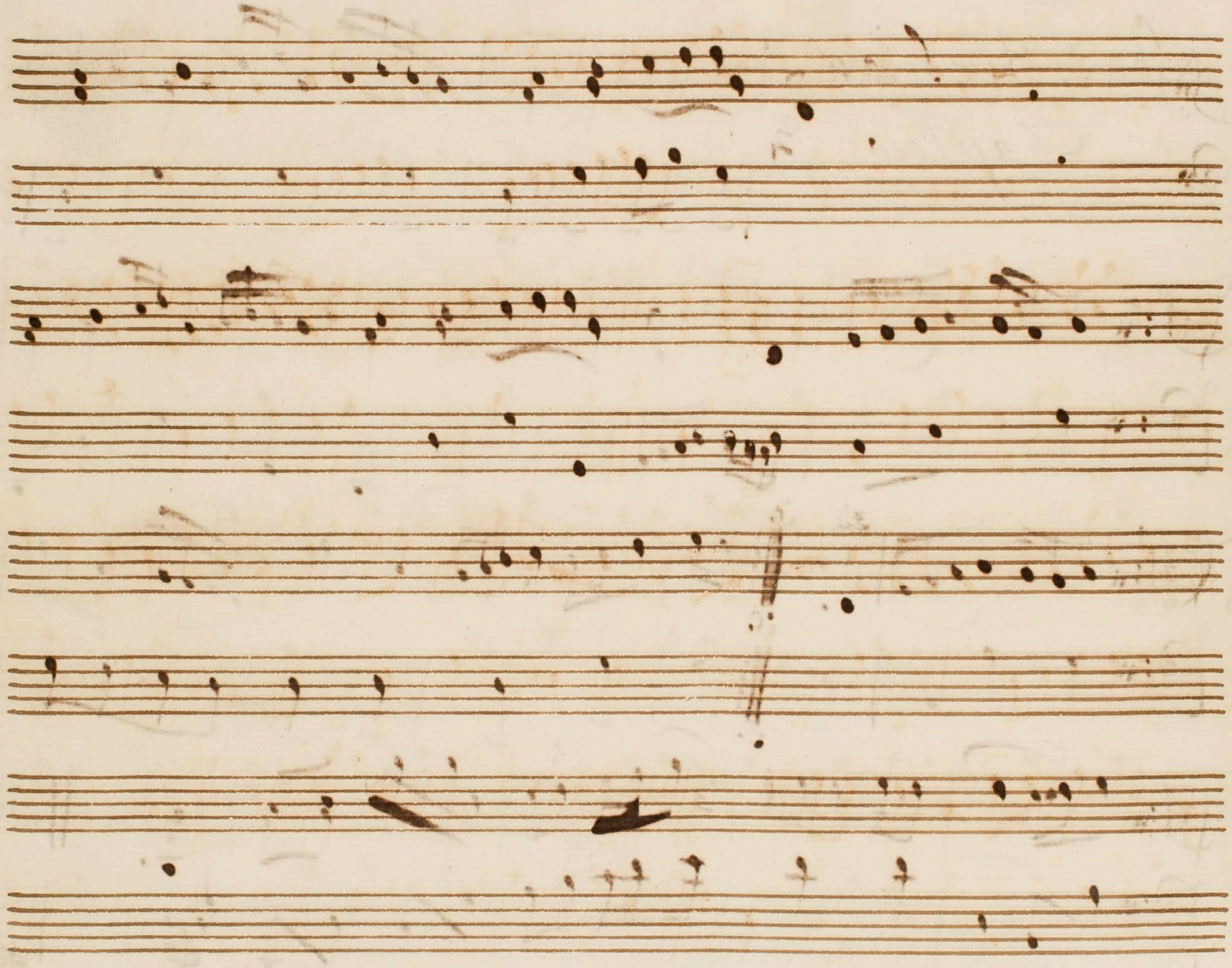



A Dutch Turkish
March

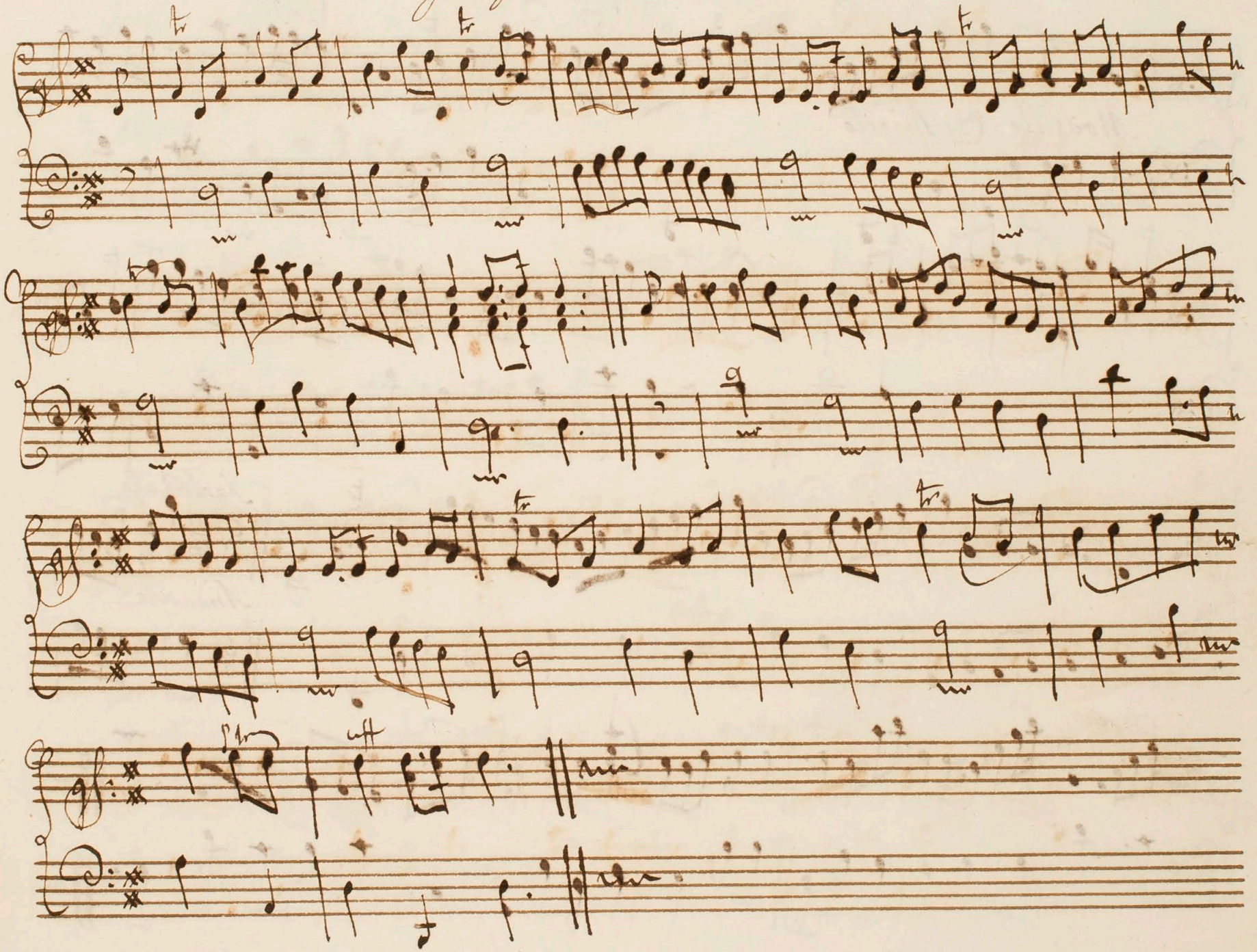

A Dutch
Reavalry


The
Queens Taystow

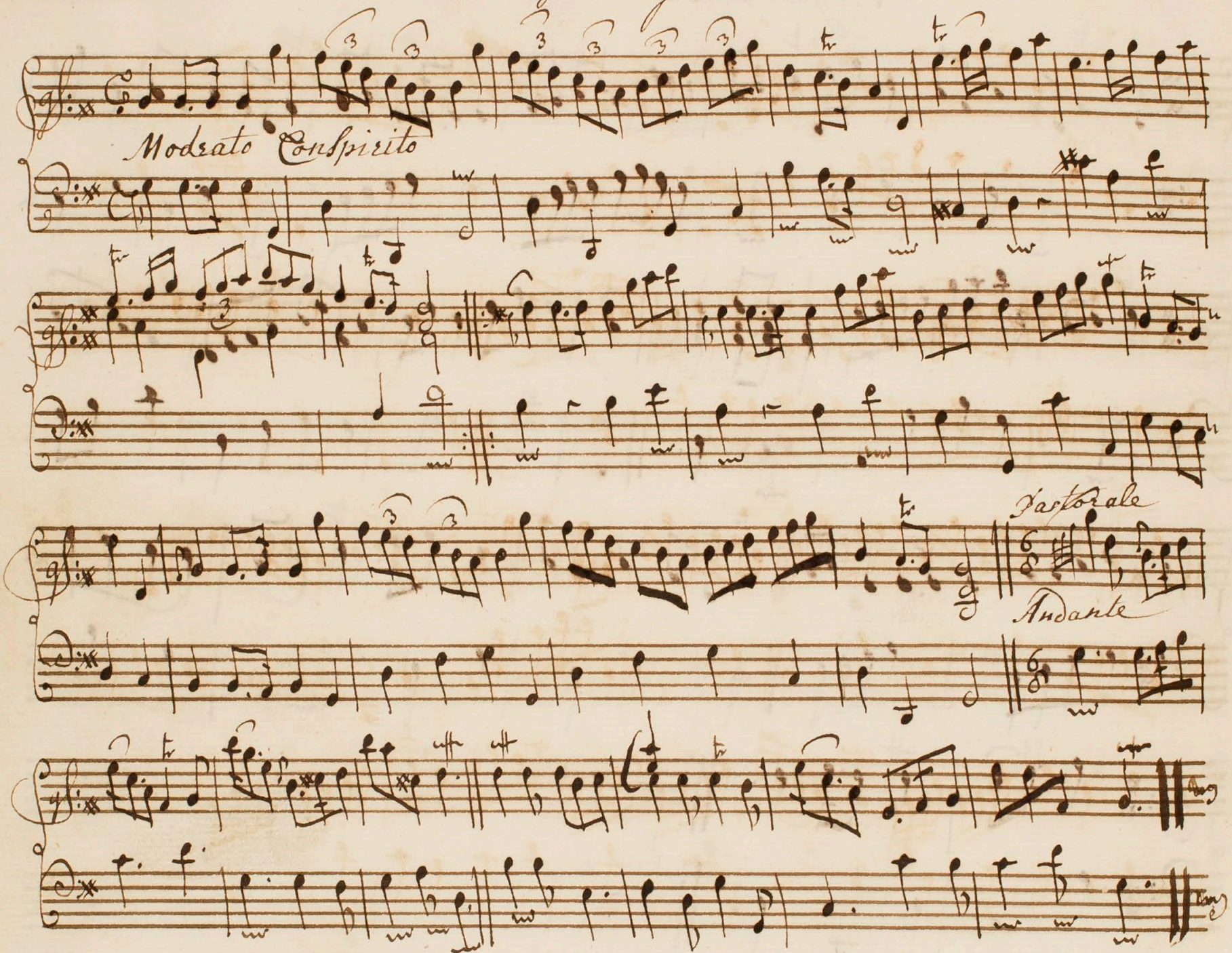

The Hessian
Taptow

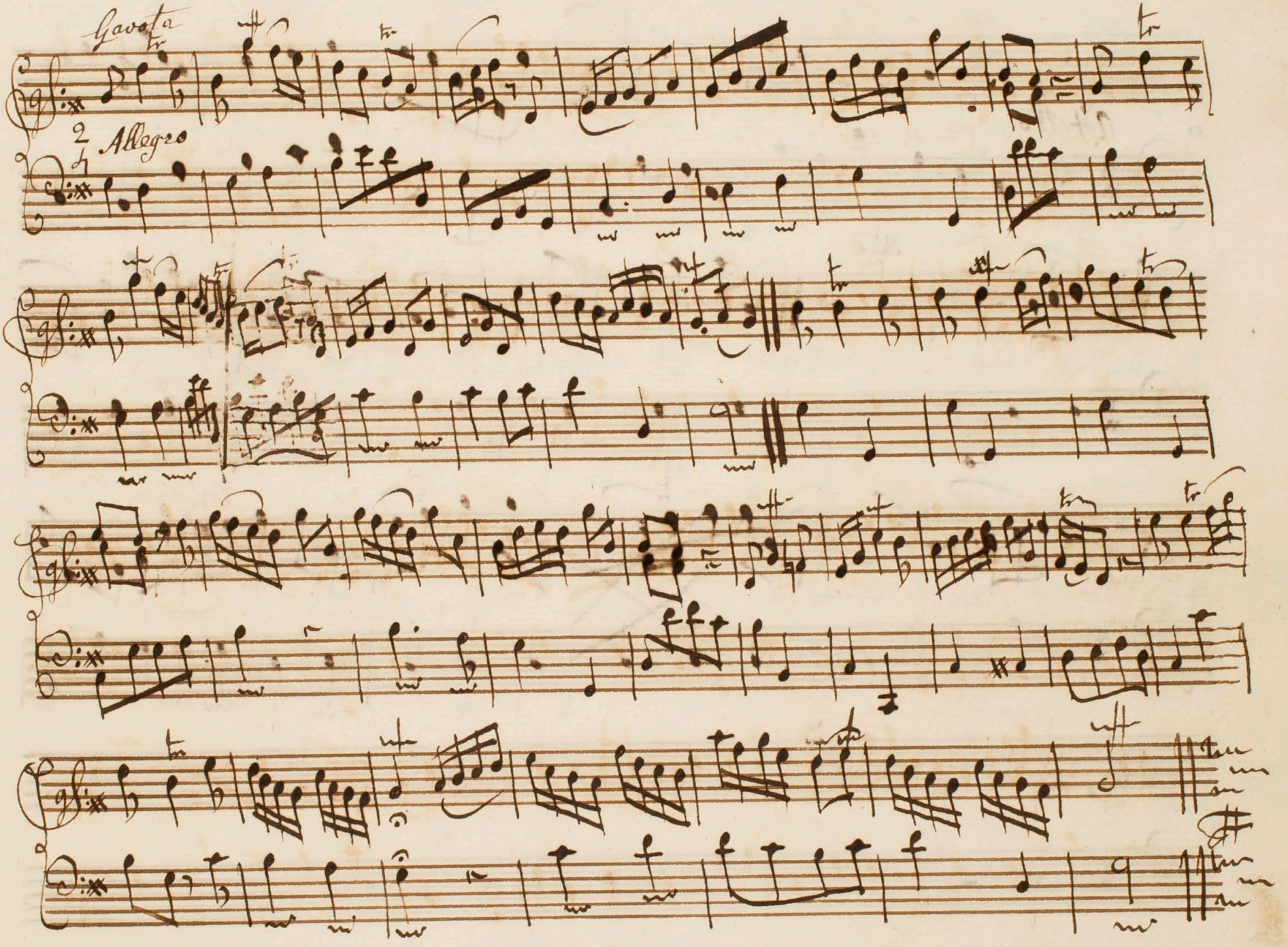


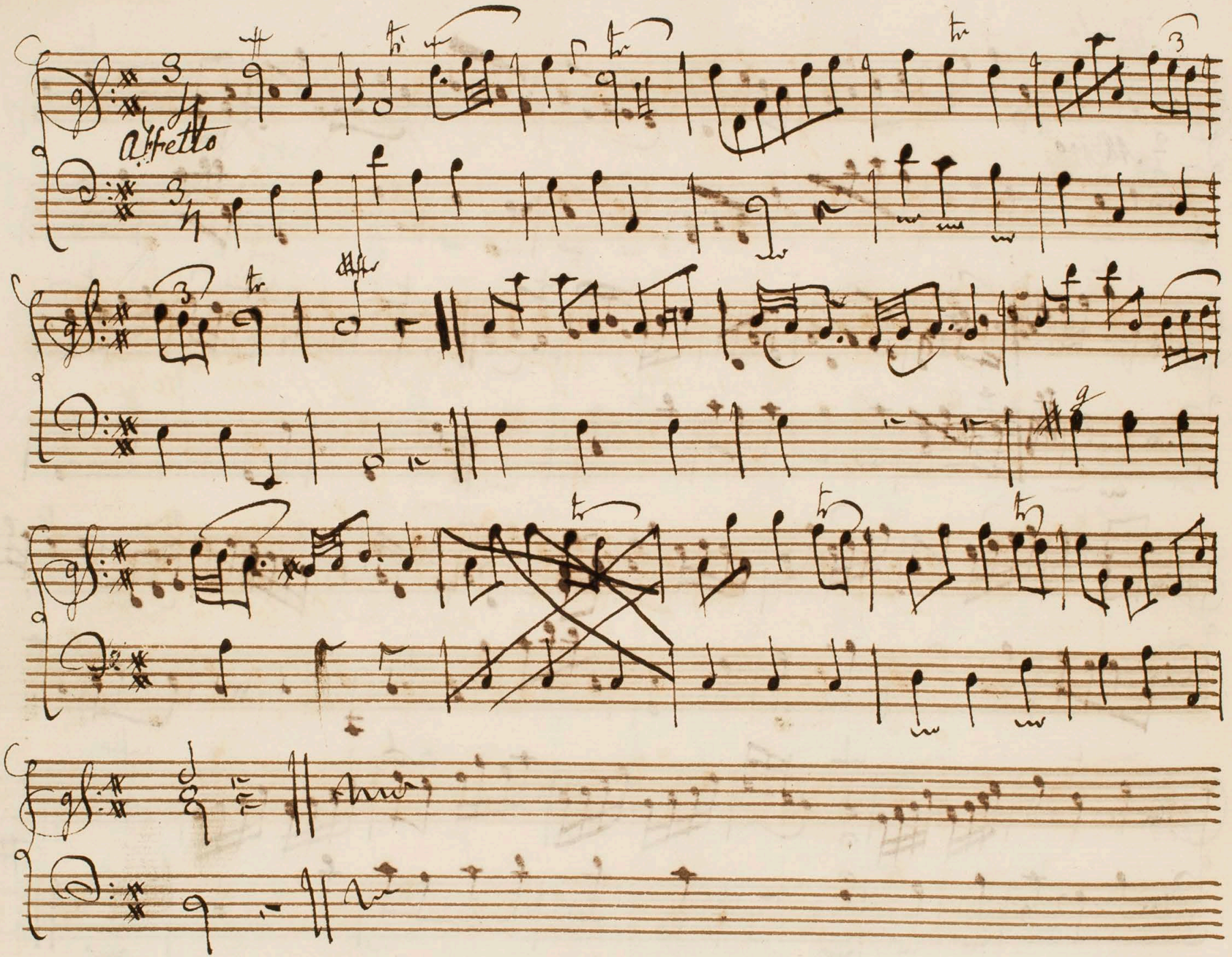
Sr George Saville's March

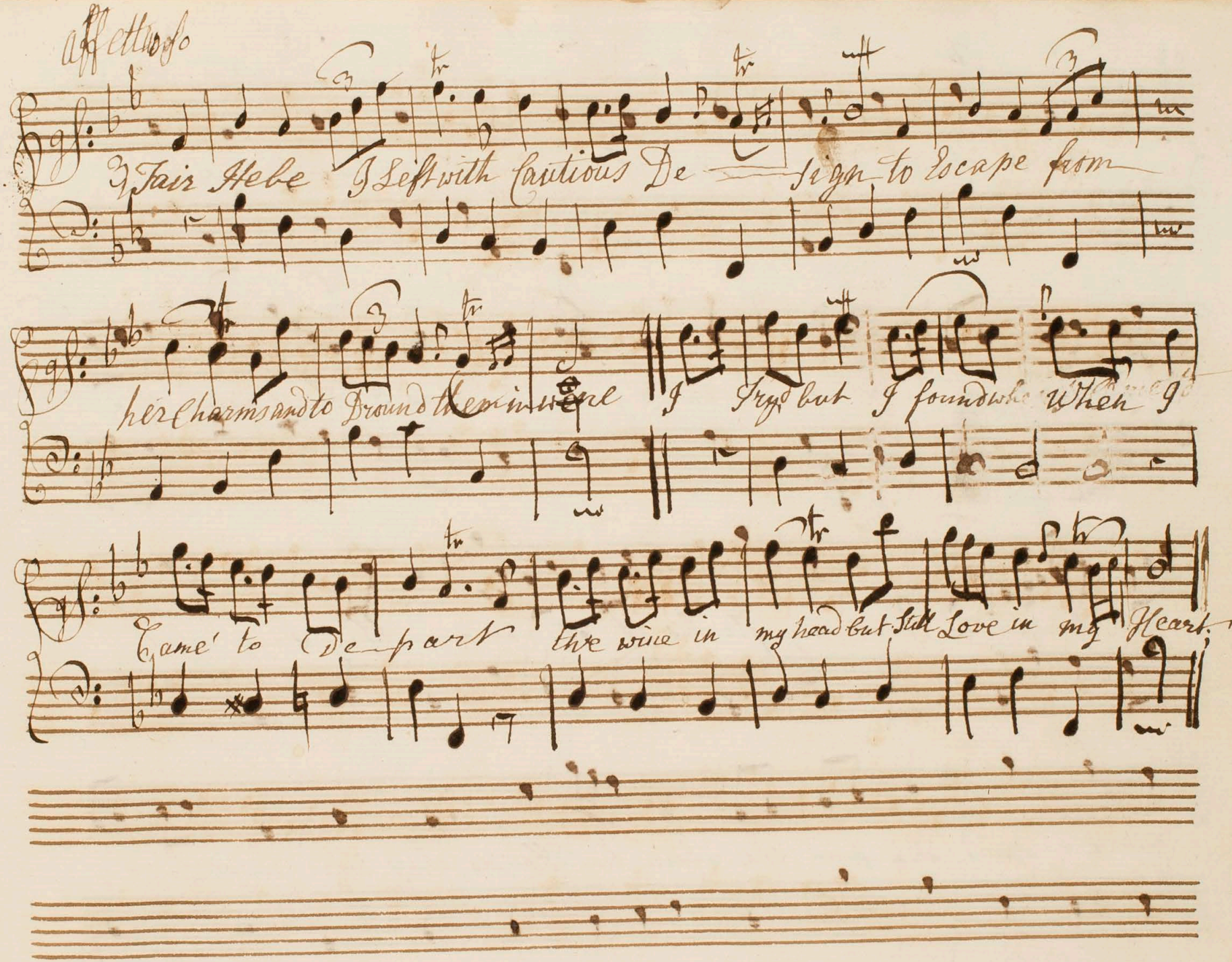


A Lesson by Morelli




Gavota
2/4
Allegro


Affetto



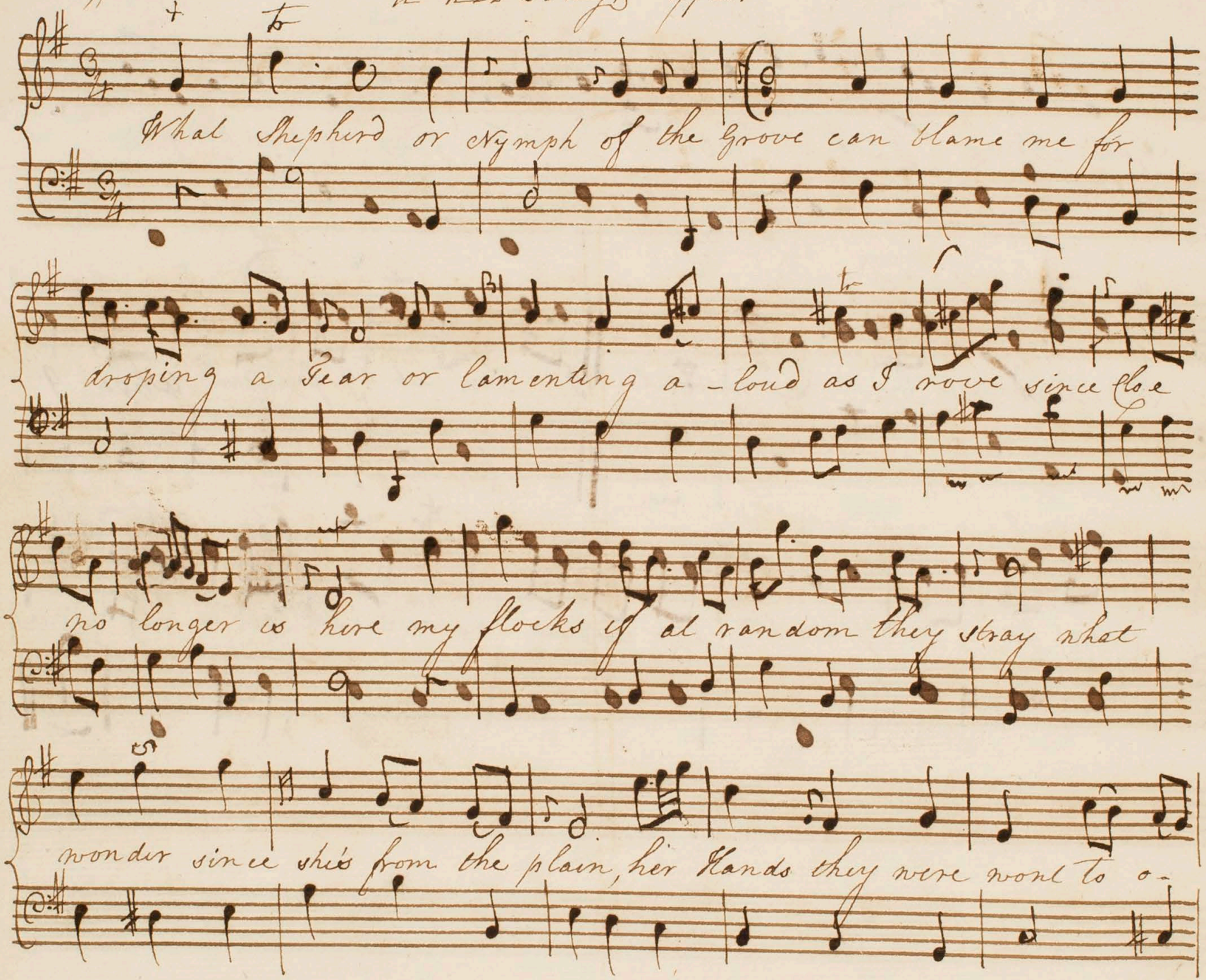
Affettuoso

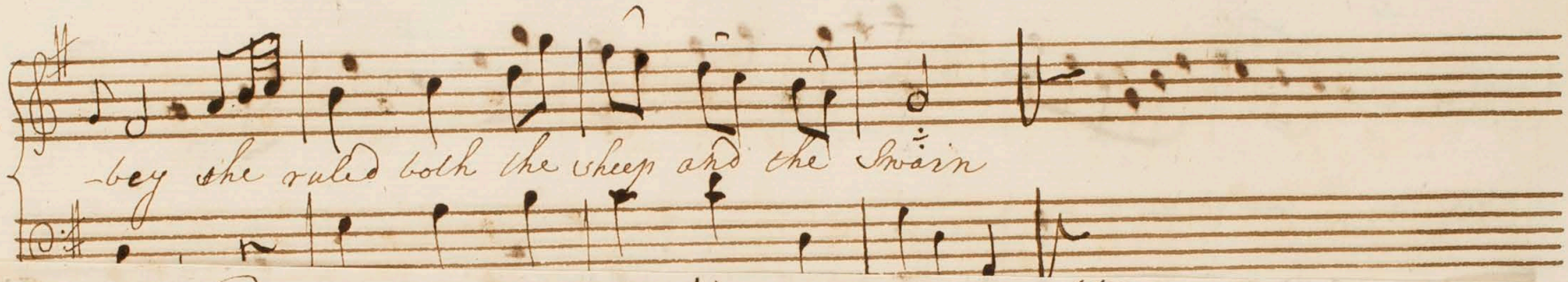
3 Fair Hebe I Left with Cautious De — sign to Escape from

her Charms and to Dround them in wine I Try but I found whe When I

Came to Depart the wine in my head but Still Love in my Heart.

11 + to A new Song 1764





2d

Can I ever forget the lowrie Strayd
To the foot of yond neighbouring Hills
To the Bower we had Built in the Shade
Or the River that Runs by the Mill
There Sweet by my Side all the Day
And heard the fond Stories she told
How Sweet was the Thrush from the Spray
Or Bleating of Lambs from the Fold

3d

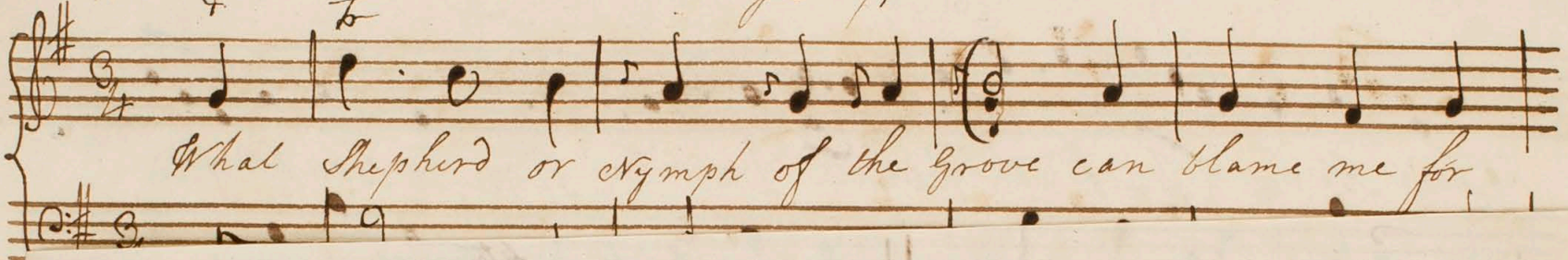
No Changes of Place nor of Time
Could ever when my fair one was near
Alike was Each Weather & Clime
Each Season that Chequer'd the Year
In winters Rude Days did we freeze
Did we melt on the Bosom of May
Each Morn brought Contentment & Ease
If we rose up to Work or to Play

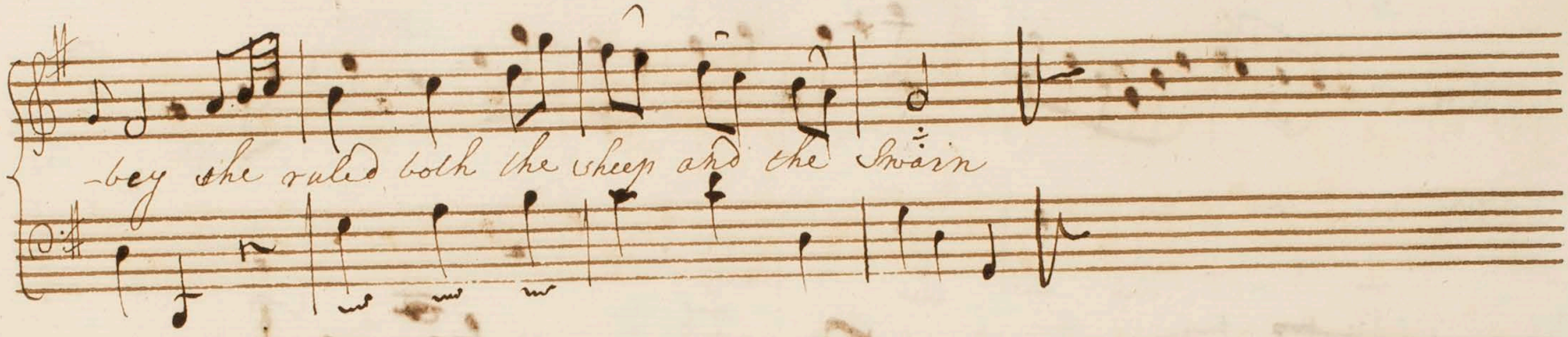
4th

She was all my fond Wishes could ask
She was all the kind Gods could Impart
She was Nature's most Beautiful Task
The Despair of the Envy of Art
There all that was worthy to Prize
In all that was Lovely was Drest
For the Graces were throned in her Eyes
And the Virtues all Lodged in her Breast

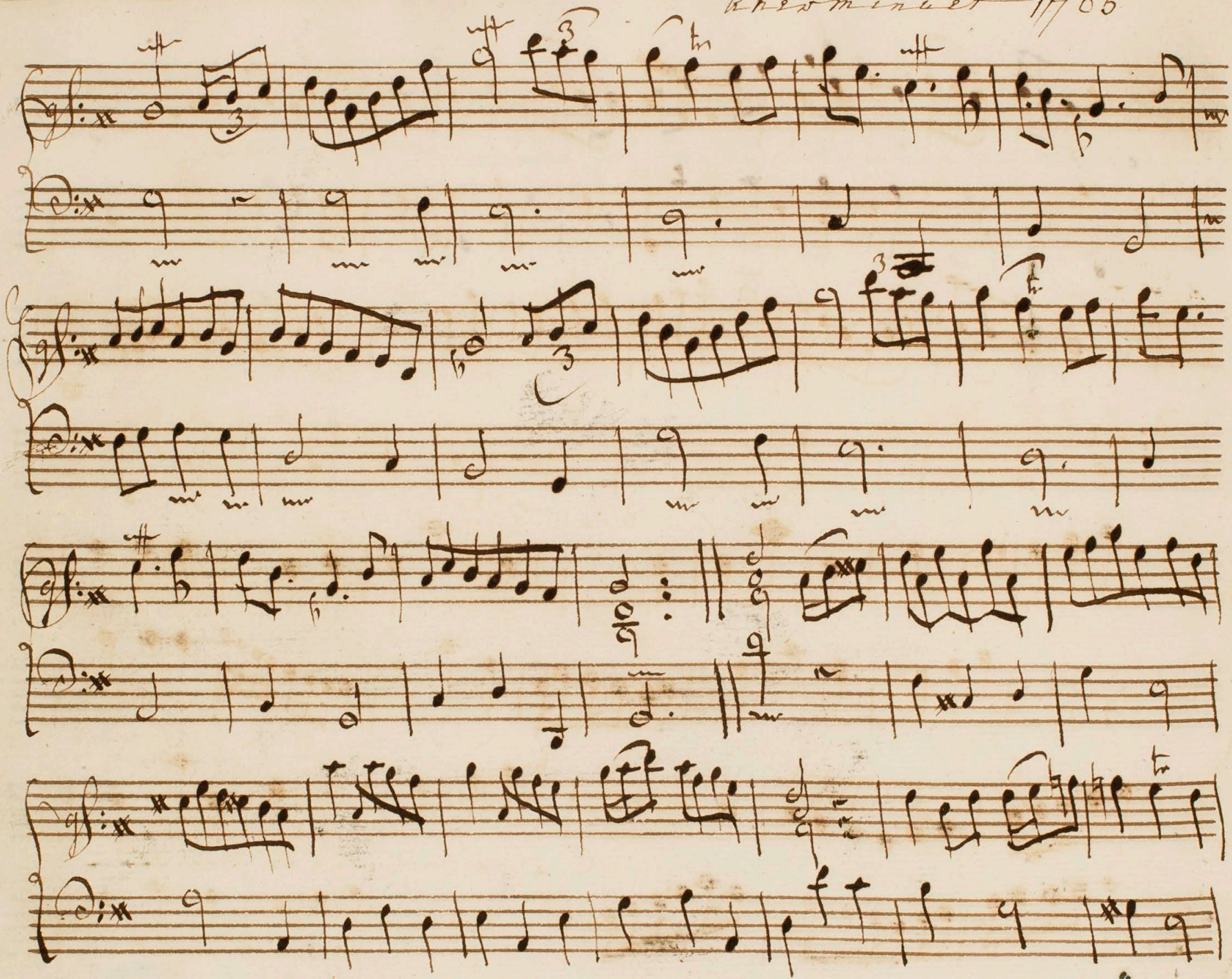
Finis

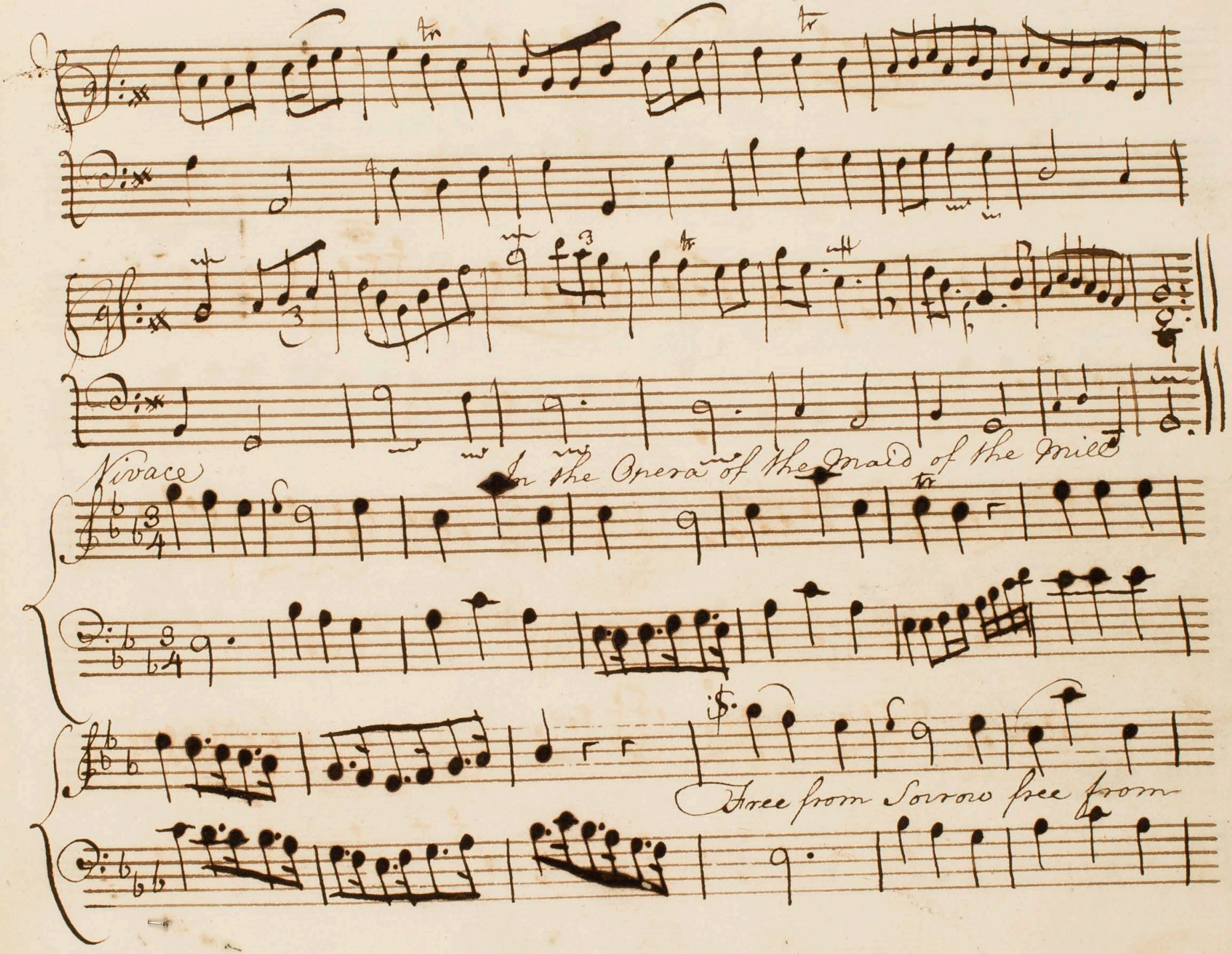
11 A new Song 1764

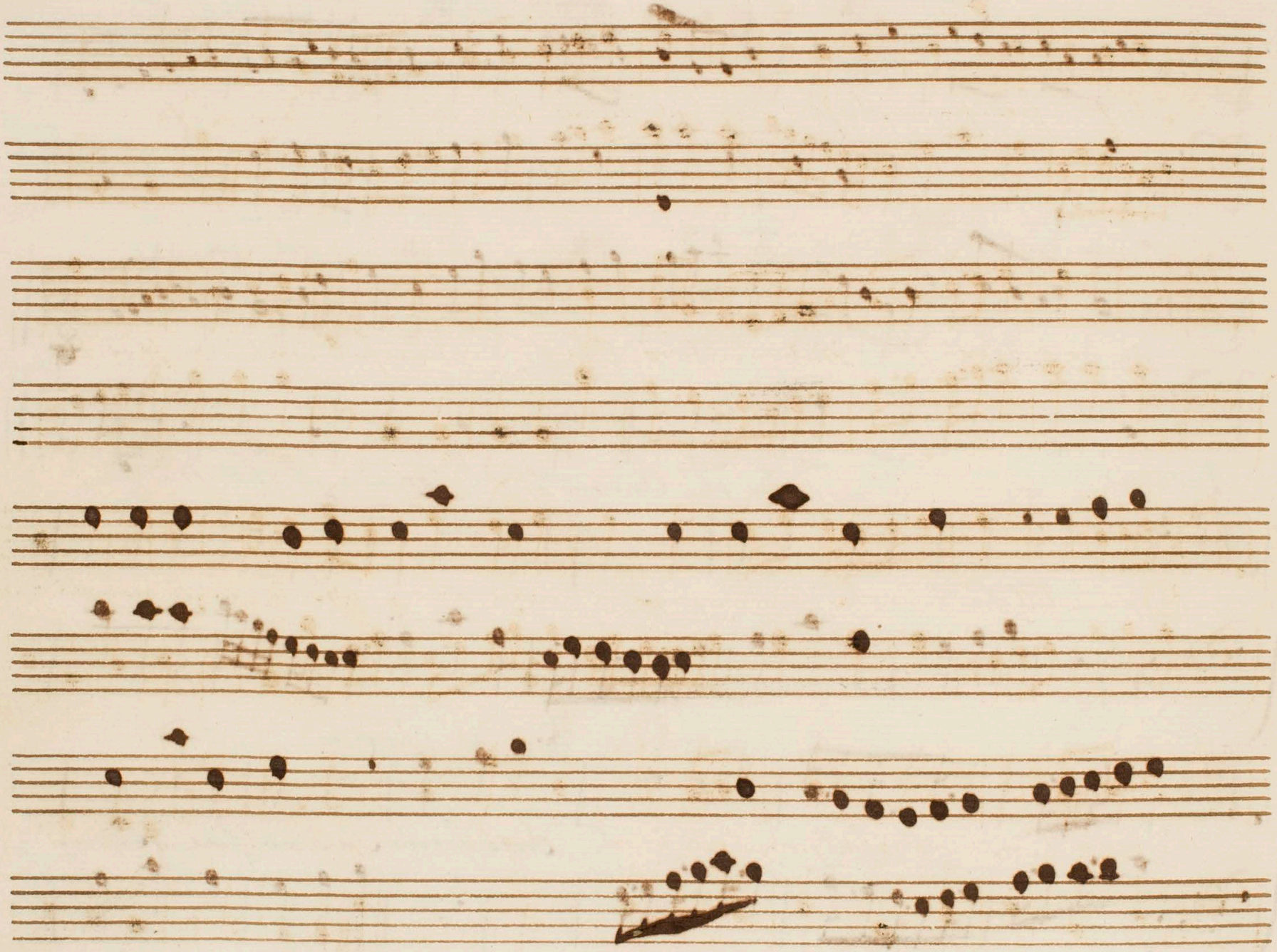


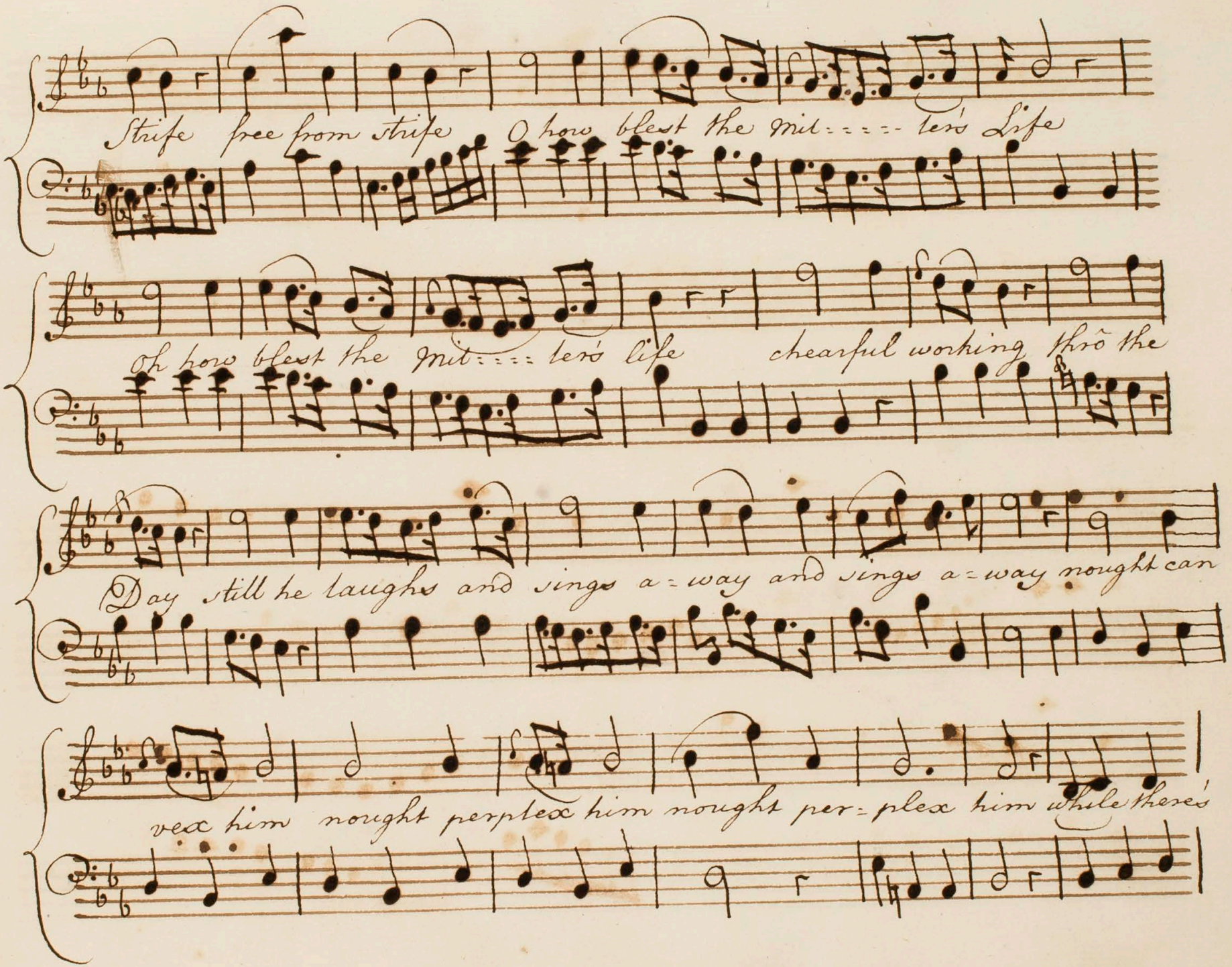

bey she ruled both the sheep and the Swain

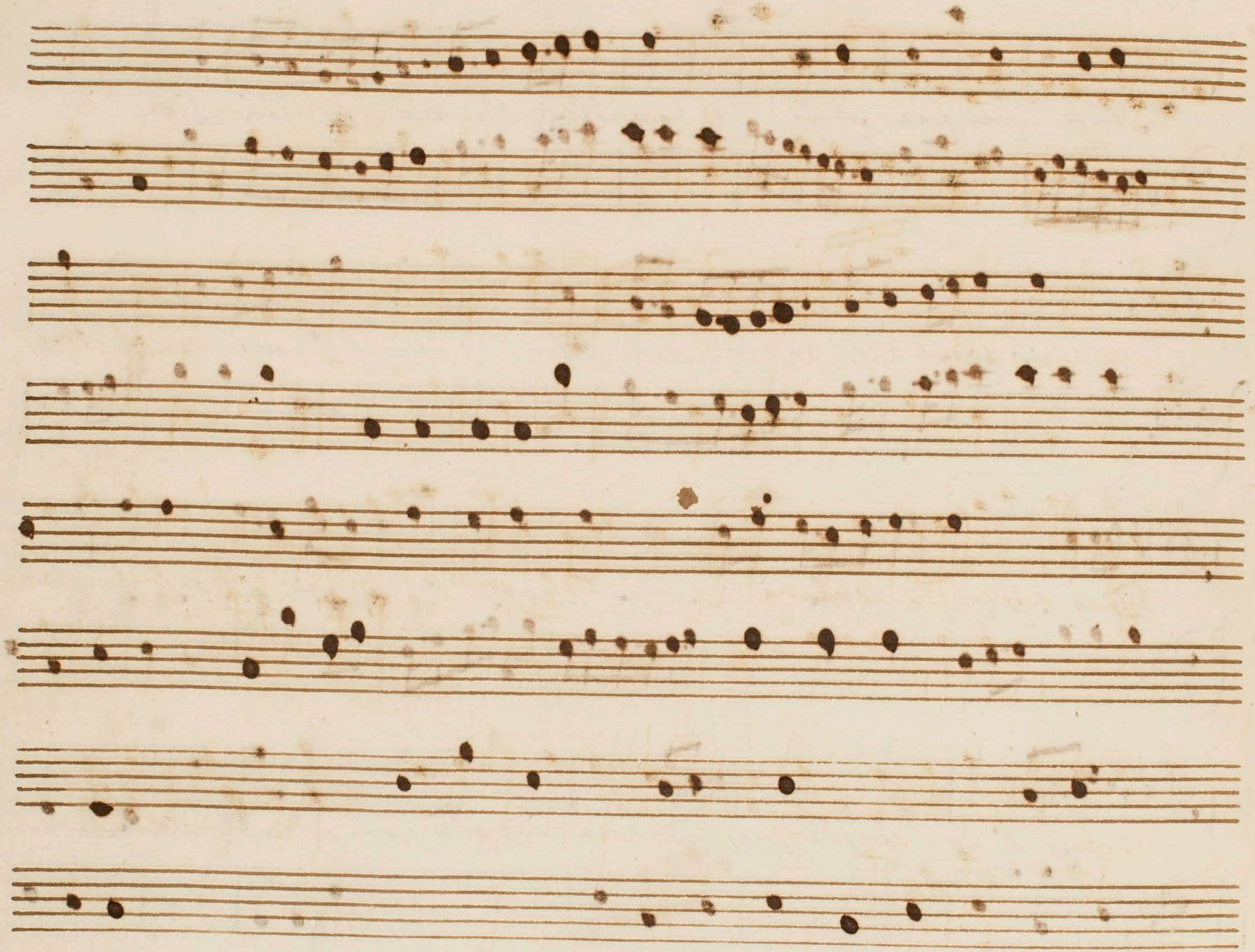
Rheominuet 1765

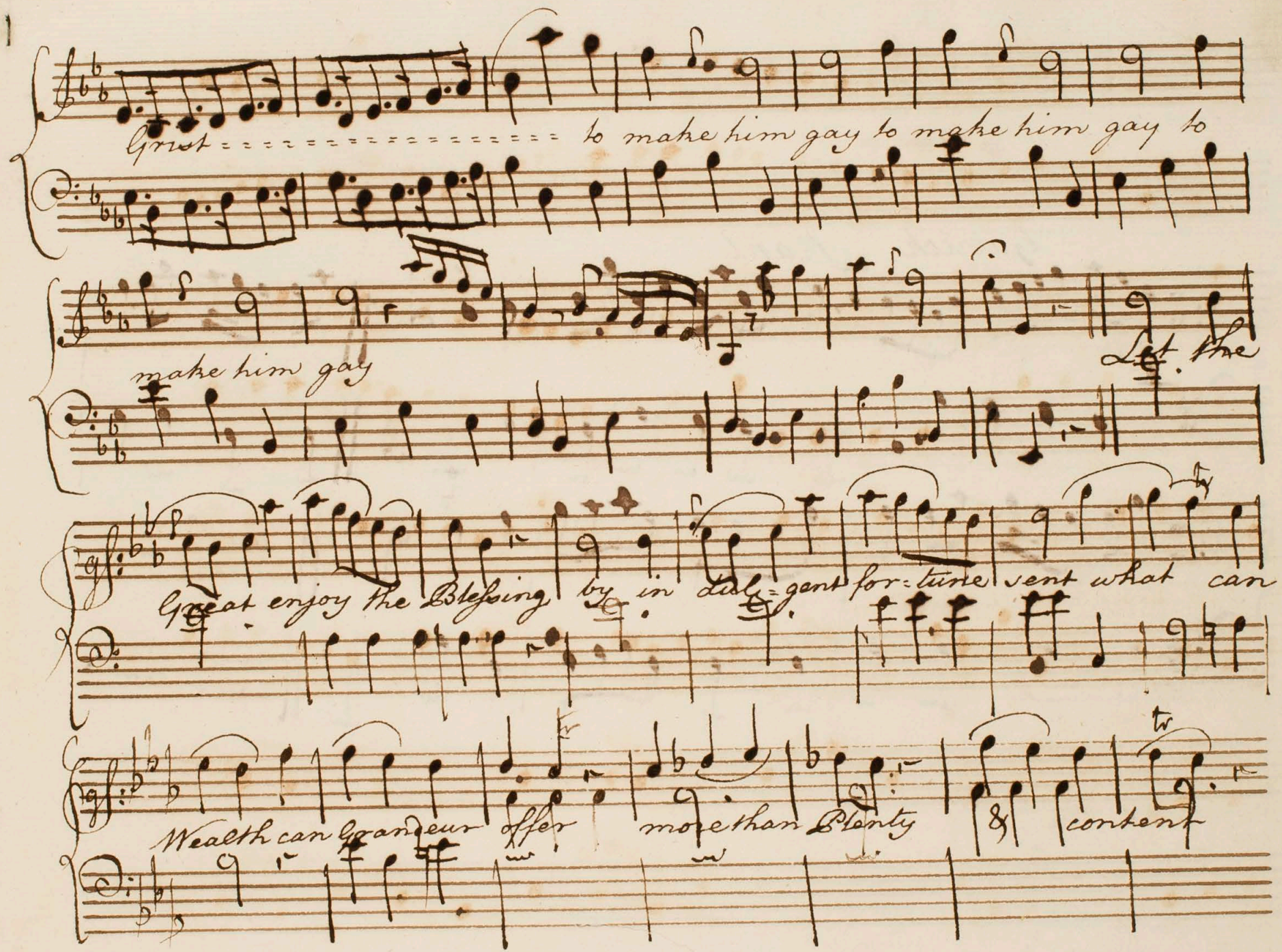


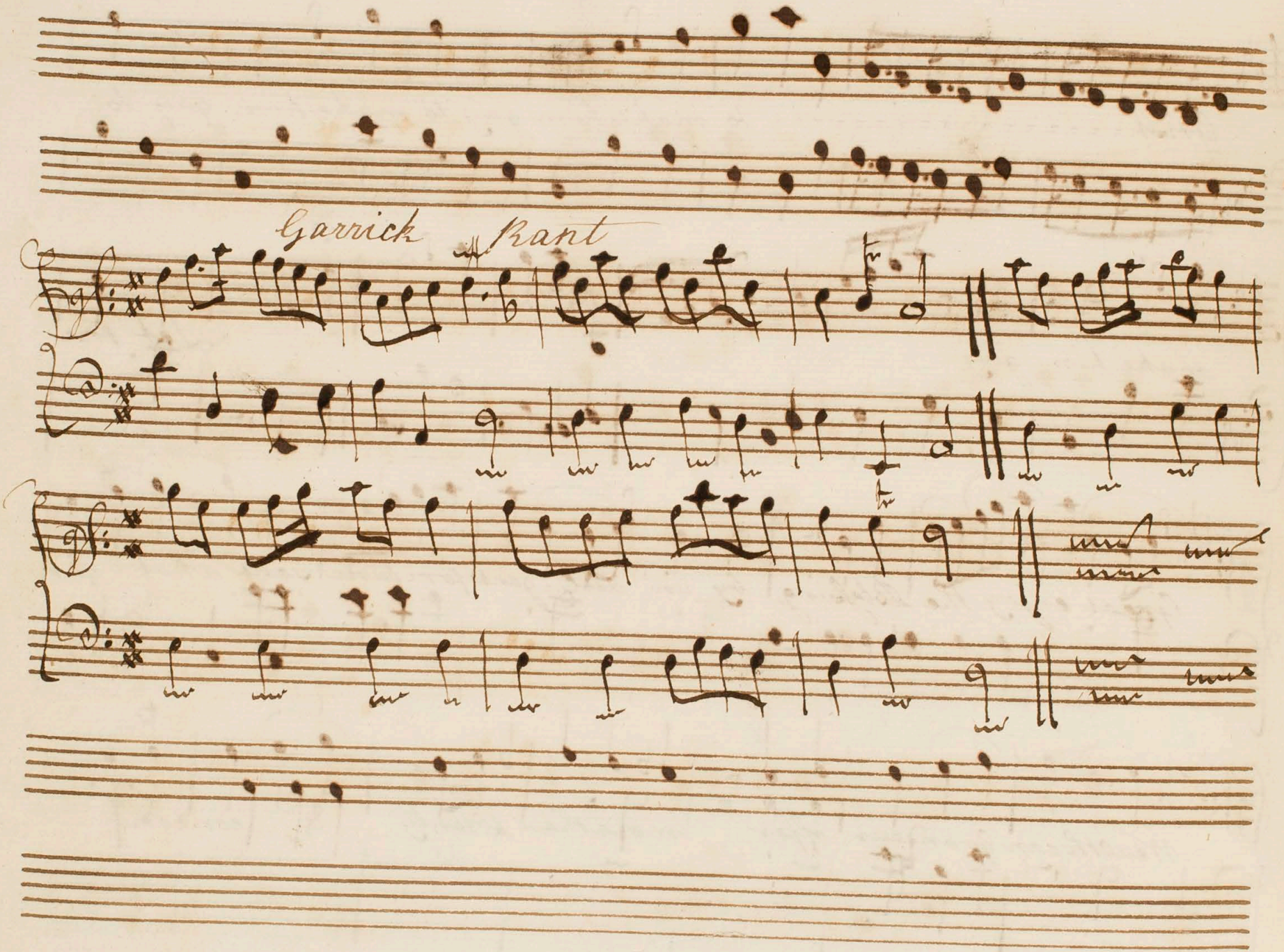

Vivace
In the Opera of the Maid of the Mill
Free from Sorrow free from

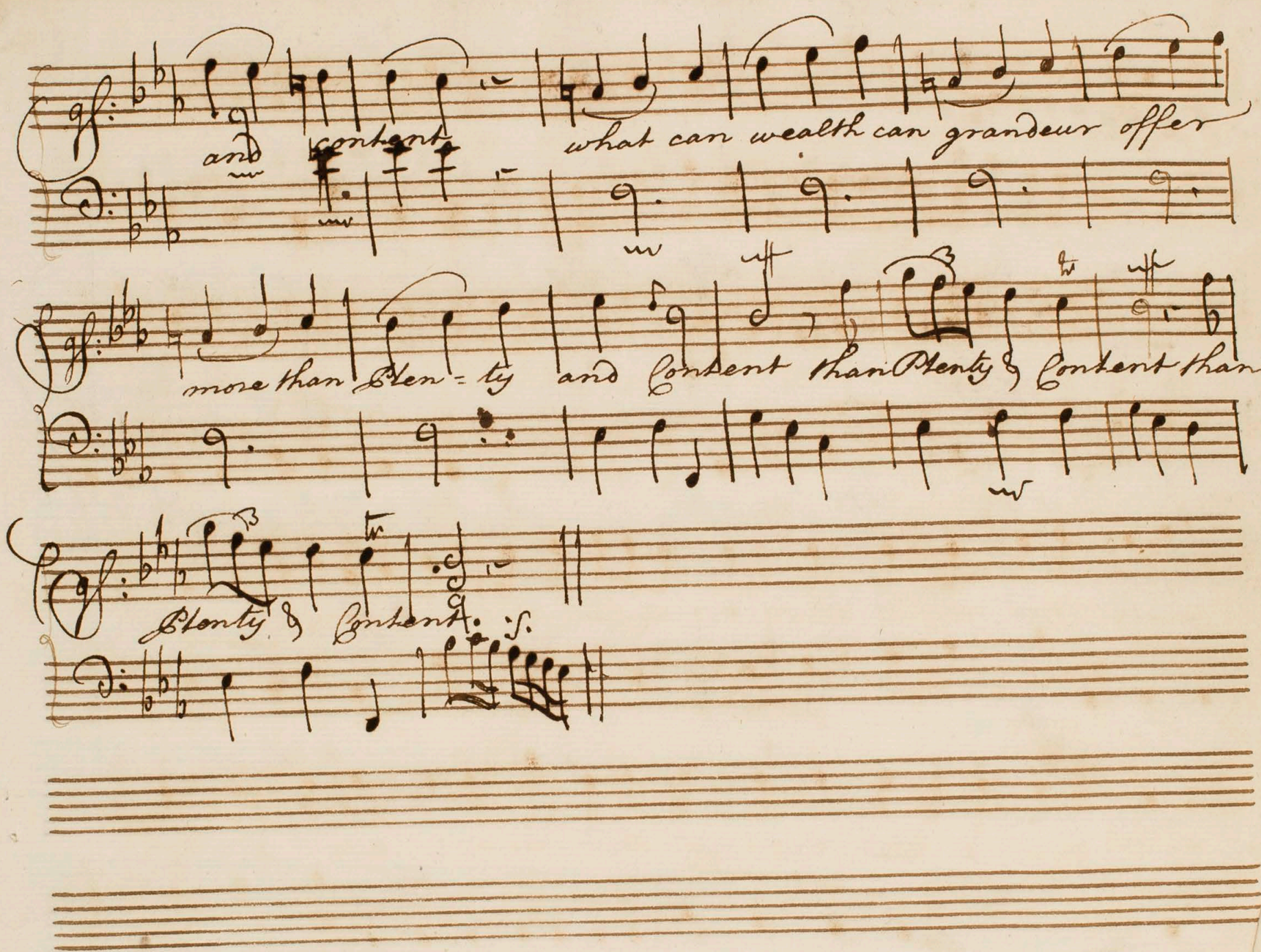



Strife free from strife O how blest the Mit - - - - - ter's Life
Oh how blest the Mit - - - - ter's life chearful working thro the
Day still he laughs and sings a - way and sings a - way nought can
vex him nought perplex him nought per - plex him while there's




Great to make him gay to make him gay to
make him gay
Let the
Great enjoy the Blessing by in Lad=gent for=tune sent what can
Wealth can Grandeur offer more than Plenty & content


Garrick
Rant


and content what can wealth can grandeur offer
more than Plen=ty and Content than Plenty & Content than
Plenty & Content.

Andantino Amoroso e Staccato

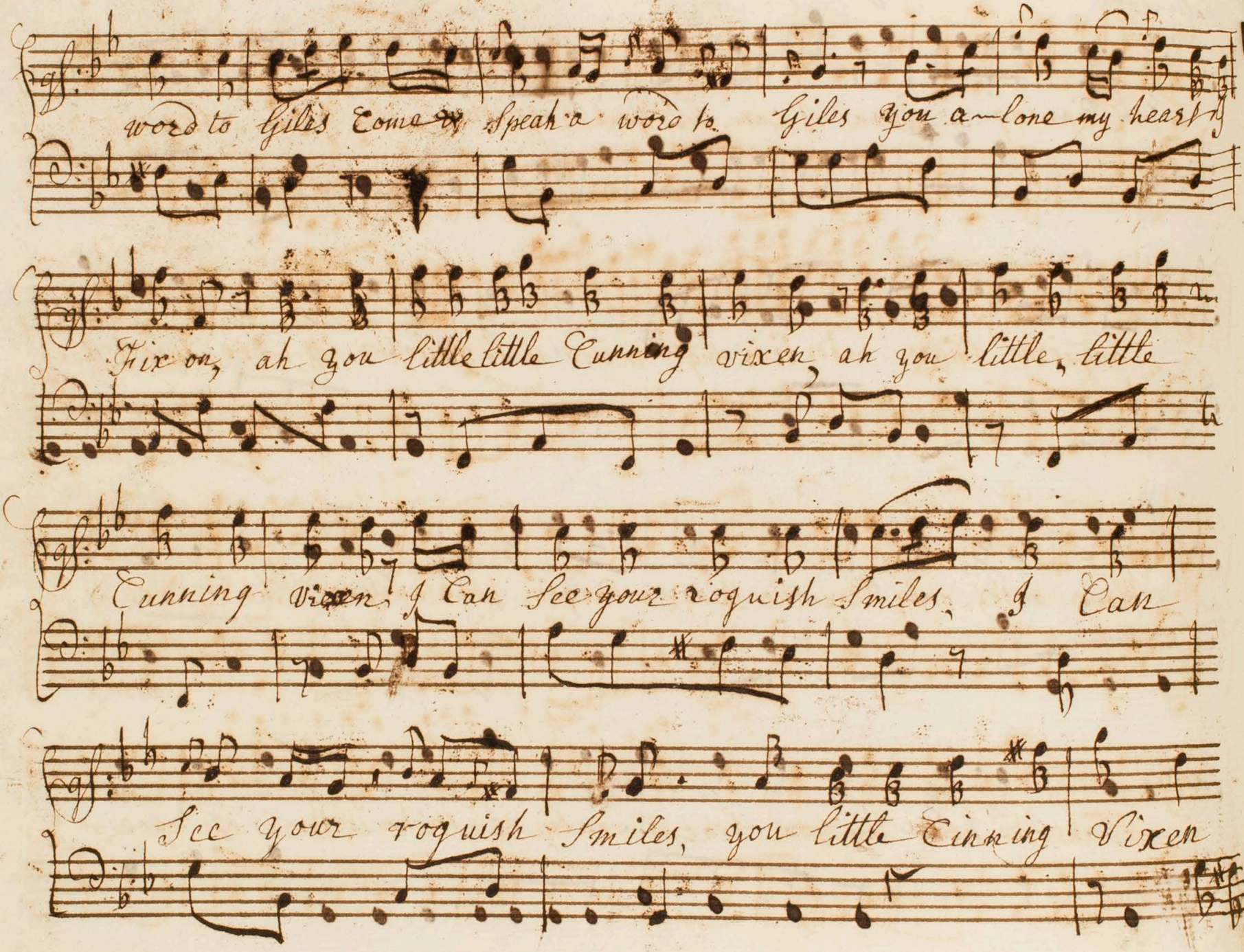
Sung by Mr. Beard in the Maid of the Mill

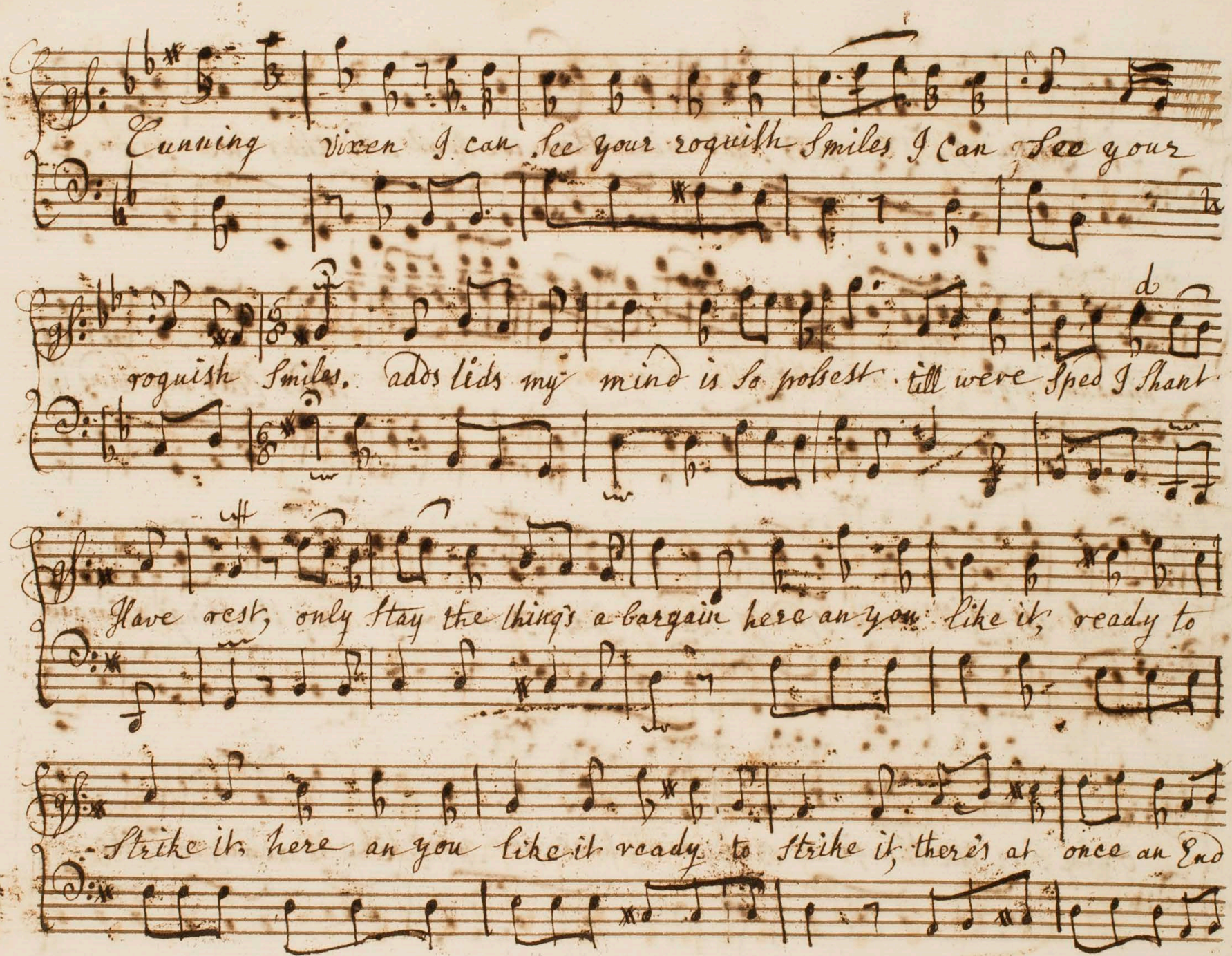
Poco Pia:

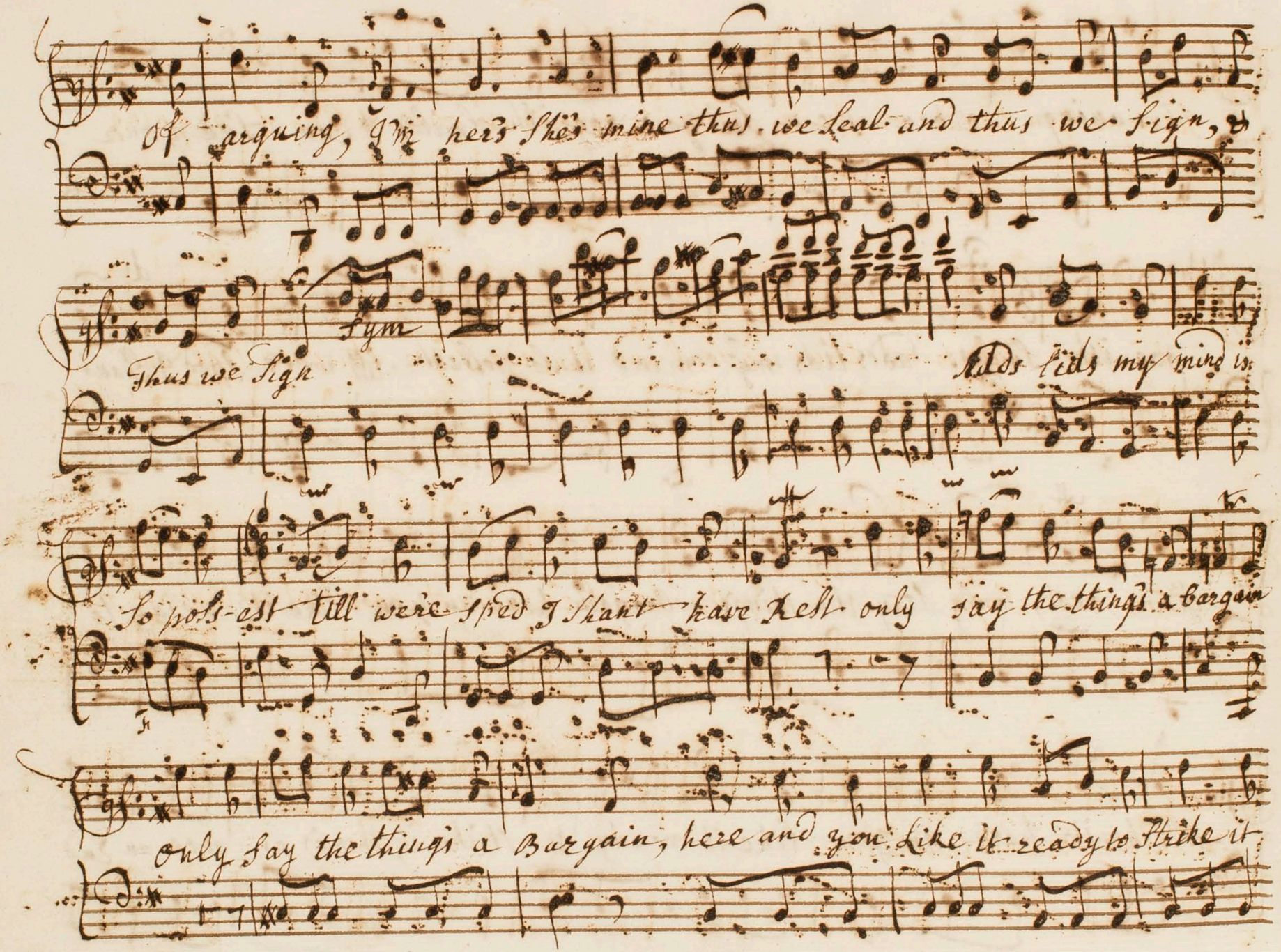
Hark 'tis I your own true Lover true

Lover after walking three long miles after walking three long

miles one kind look at least discover discover come & speak a


word to Giles Come & speak a word to Giles You alone my heart
Fix on, ah you little little Cunning vixen, ah you little, little
Cunning vixen I Can See your roguish Smiles, I Can
See your roguish Smiles, you little Cunning Vixen


Cunning vixen I can see your roguish Smiles I can see your
roguish Smiles. adds lids my mind is so possest till were sped I shant
Have rest, only stay the thing's a bargain here an you like it, ready to
strike it, here an you like it ready to strike it, there's at once an End



Of arguing, I'm her's She's mine thus we seal and thus we sign, &

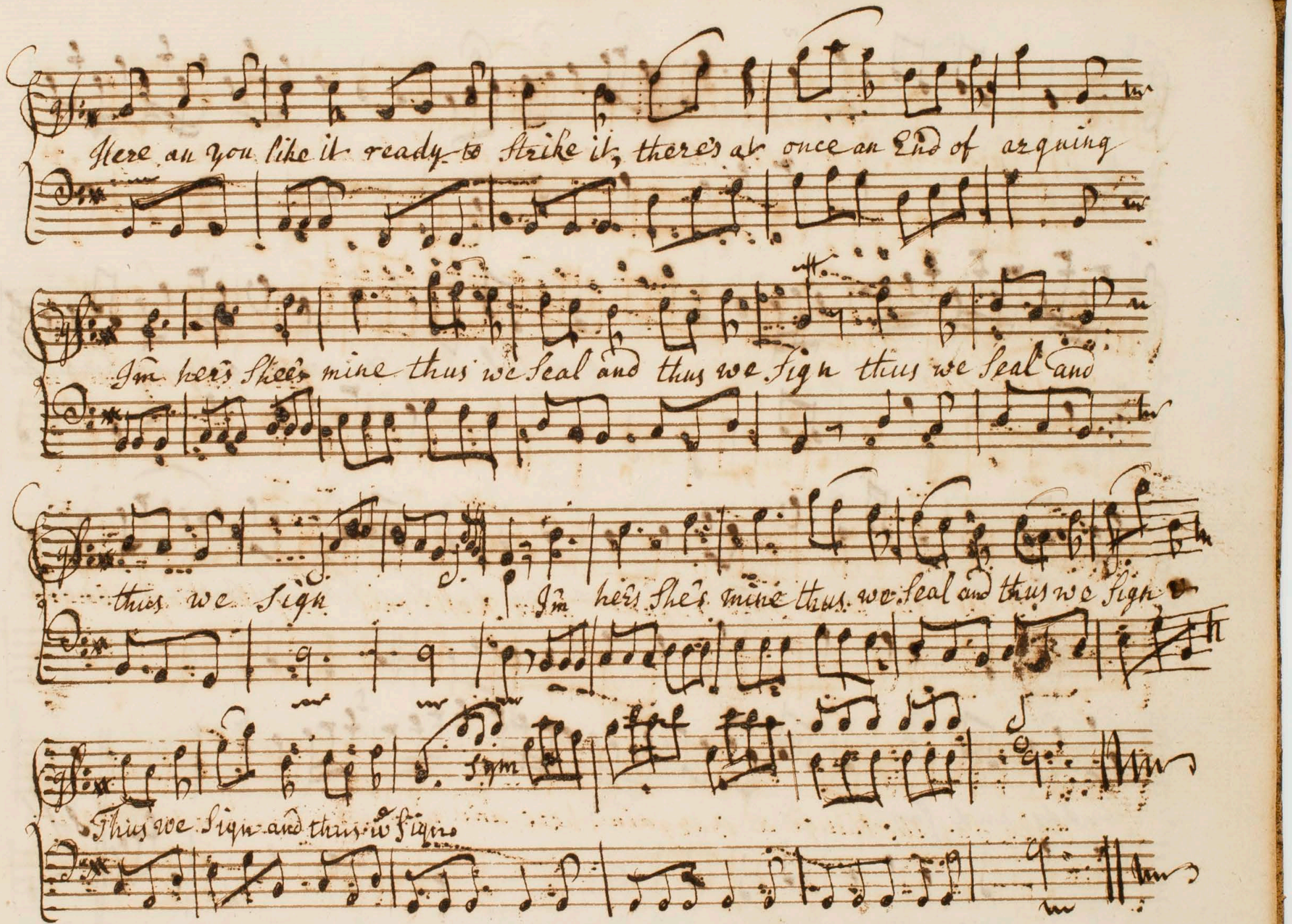
Thus we sign

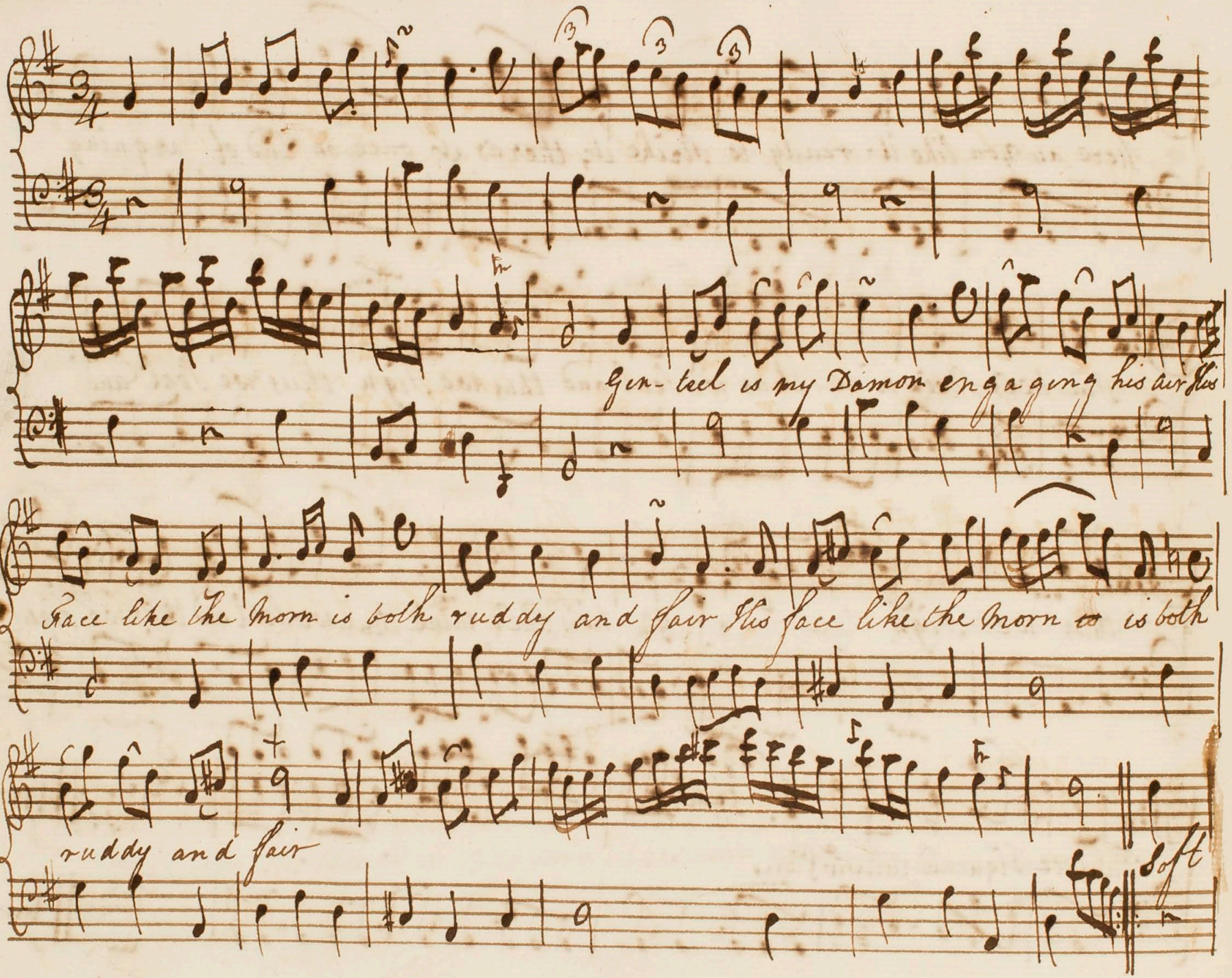
Sym

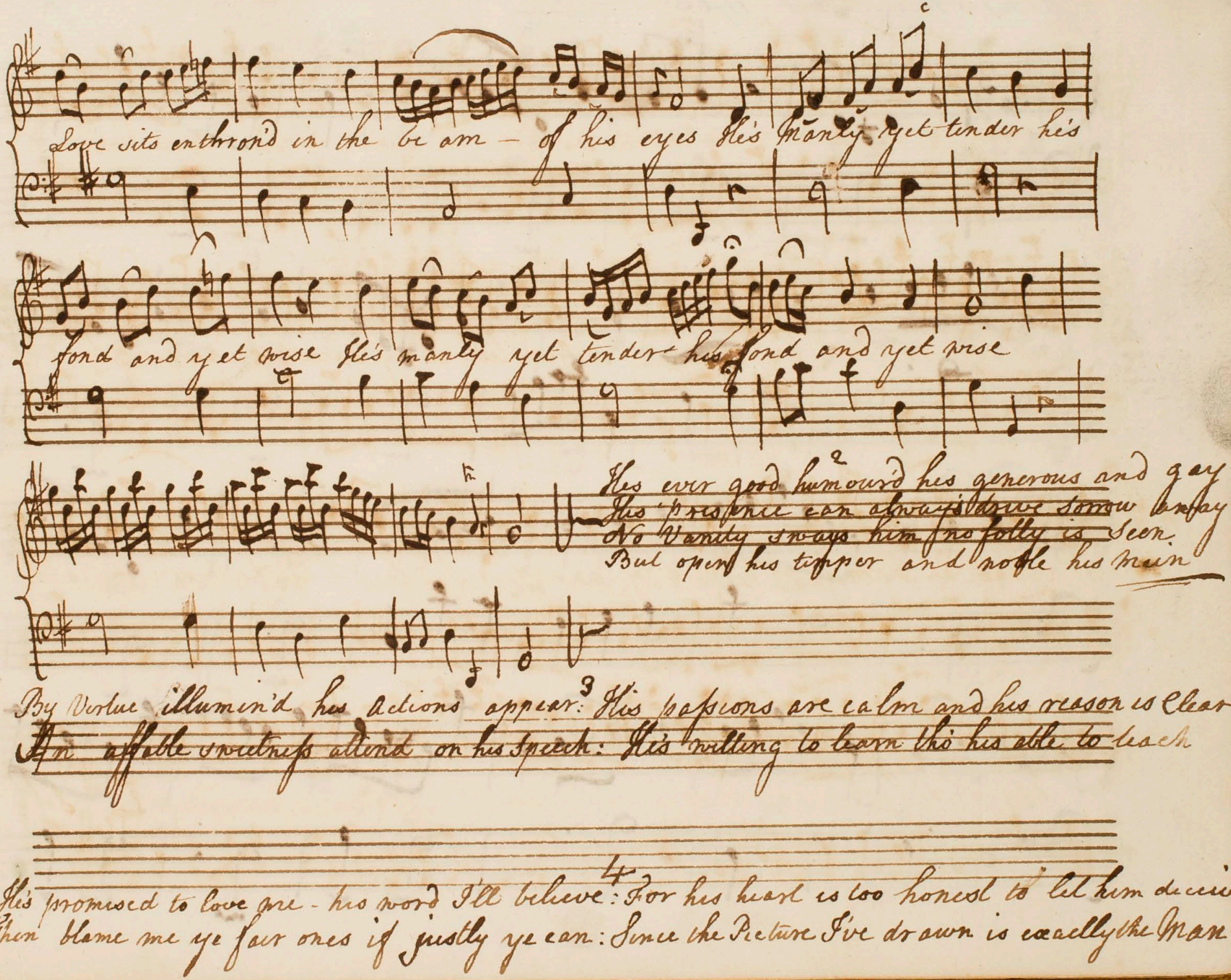
Adds sids my mind is

So poss-est till we're sped I shant have Rest only say the things a bargain

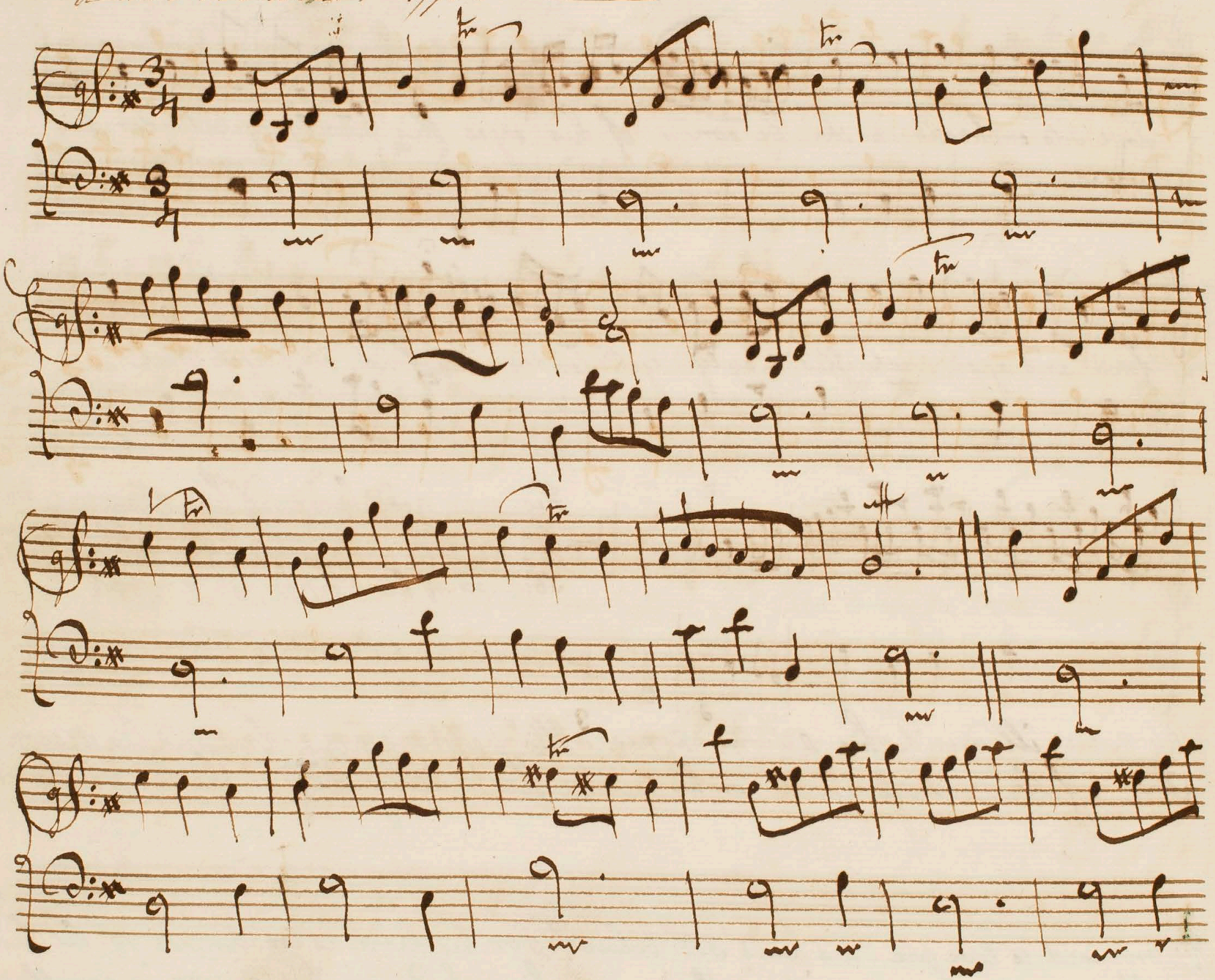
Only say the things a Bargain, here and you Like it ready to strike it

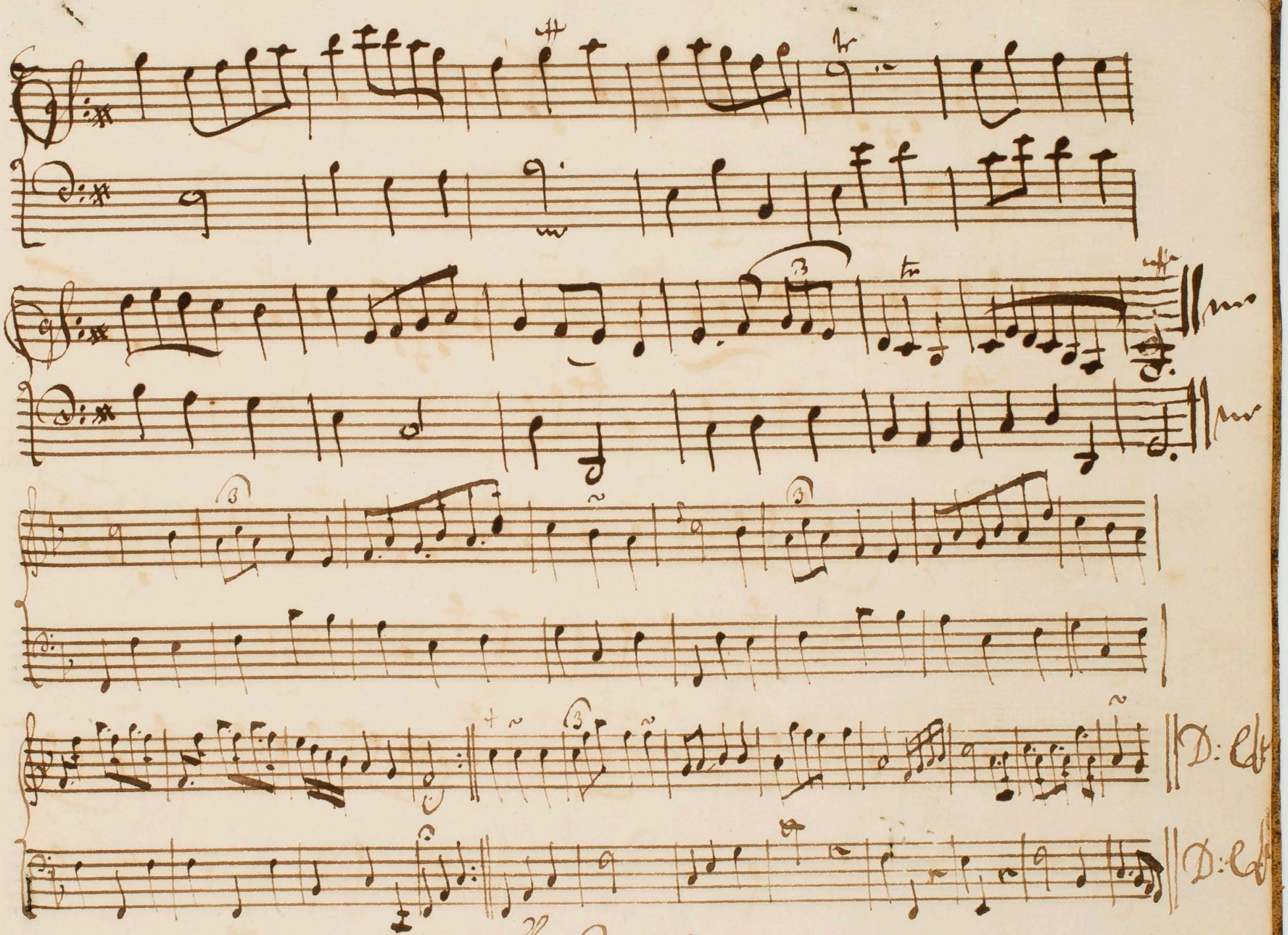

Here an you like it ready to strike it, there's at once an End of arguing
Im hers Shee's mine thus we Seal and thus we Sign thus we Seal and
thus we Sign
Im hers Shee's mine thus we Seal and thus we Sign
Thus we Sign and thus we Sign


Gen- teel is my Damon engaging his air His
Face like the Morn is both ruddy and fair His face like the Morn is both
ruddy and fair
Soft

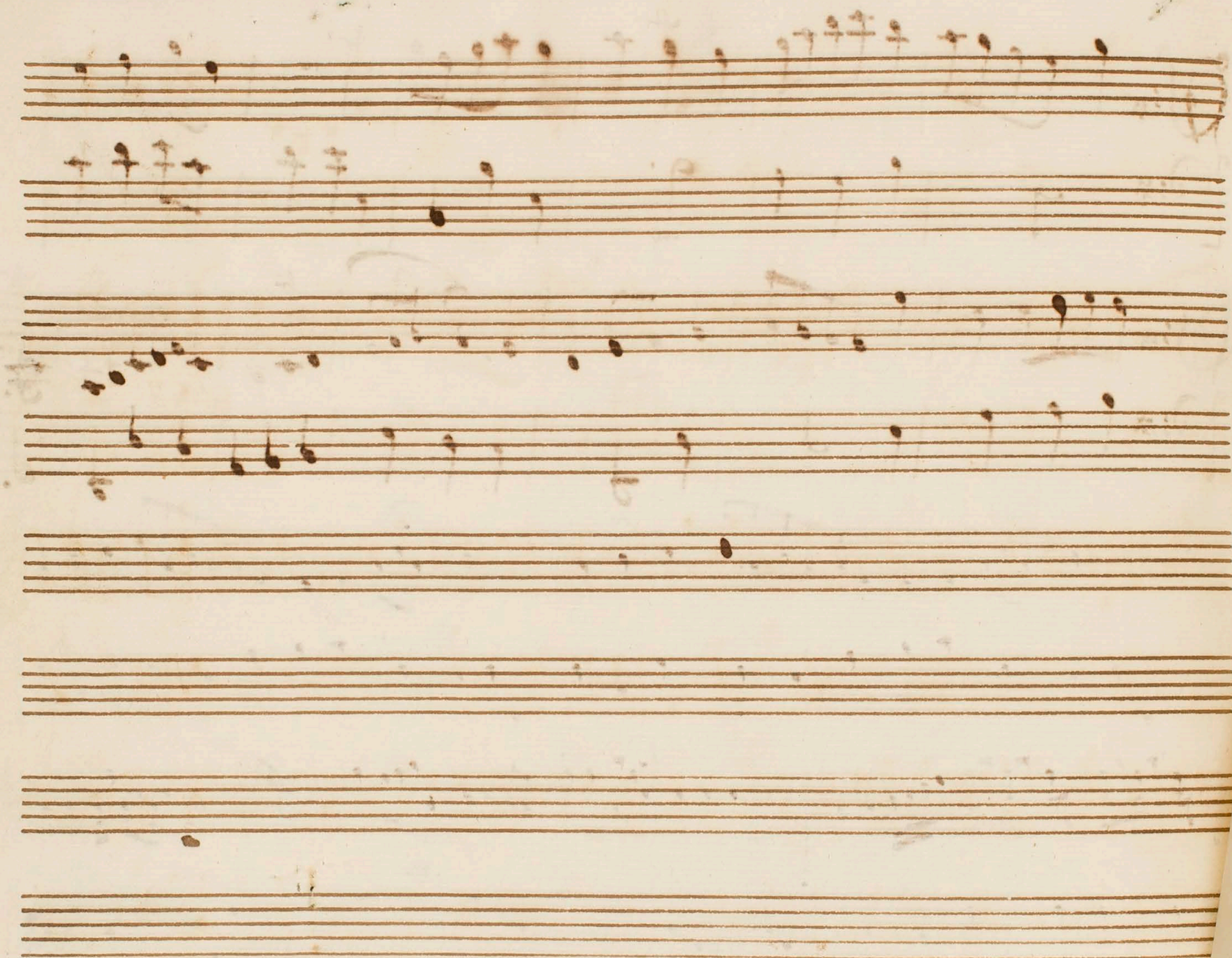

Love sits enthron'd in the be am — of his eyes He's Manly yet tender he's
fond and yet wise He's manly yet tender he's fond and yet wise
His ever good humour'd his generous and gay
His presence can always drive sorrow away
No Vanity sways him no folly is seen
But open his temper and noble his mien
By Virtue illumin'd his Actions appear: His passions are calm and his reason is clear
An affable sweetness attend on his Speech: He's willing to learn tho' he's able to teach
He's promised to love me - his word I'll believe: For his heart is too honest to let him deceive
Then blame me ye fair ones if justly ye can: Since the Picture I've drawn is exactly the Man.

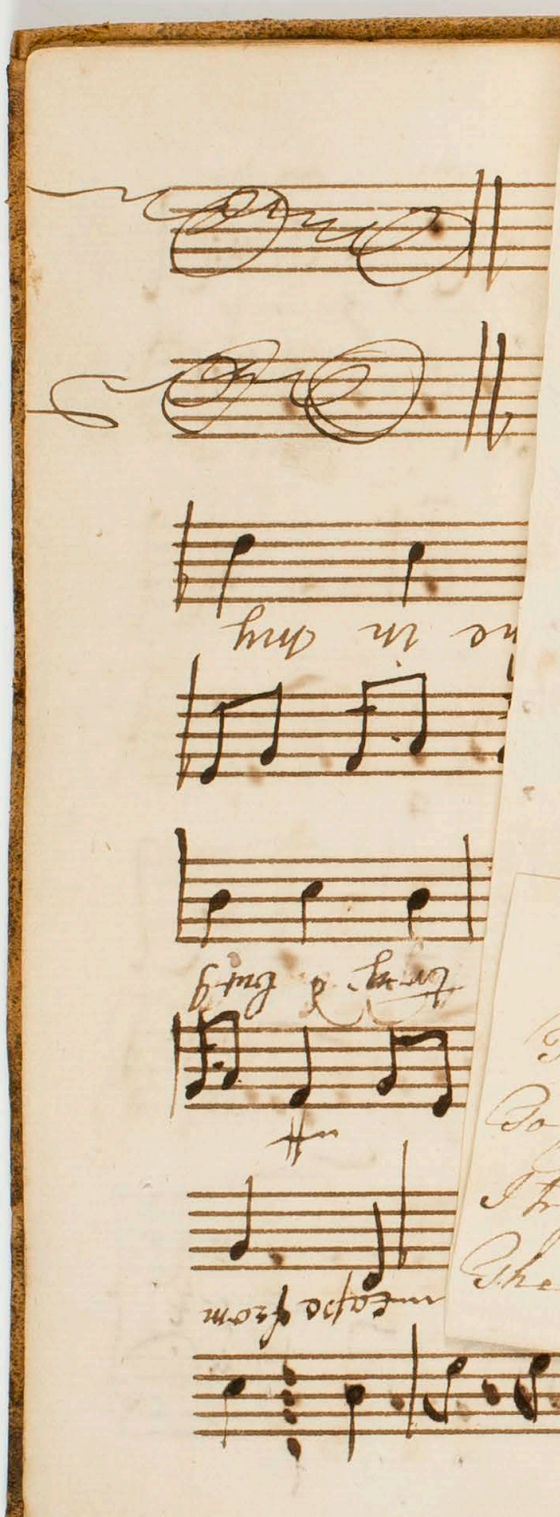
A new Minuet 1765





The Queen's





Fair Hebe
a new Song, 1766

Fair Hebe a new Song

Fair Hebe I left 1st with Cautious Design
To Escape from her Charms, & to Drown them in Wine
I tryd, but I found when I came to Depart
The wine in my Head, but Still Love in my Heart;

2

I flew to my Reason, In treating her Aid —
Then Pause'd on my Case & Each Circumstance weigh'd
Then Gravely Pronounce'd in Return to my Prayer
That Hebe is Fairest of all that are Fair —

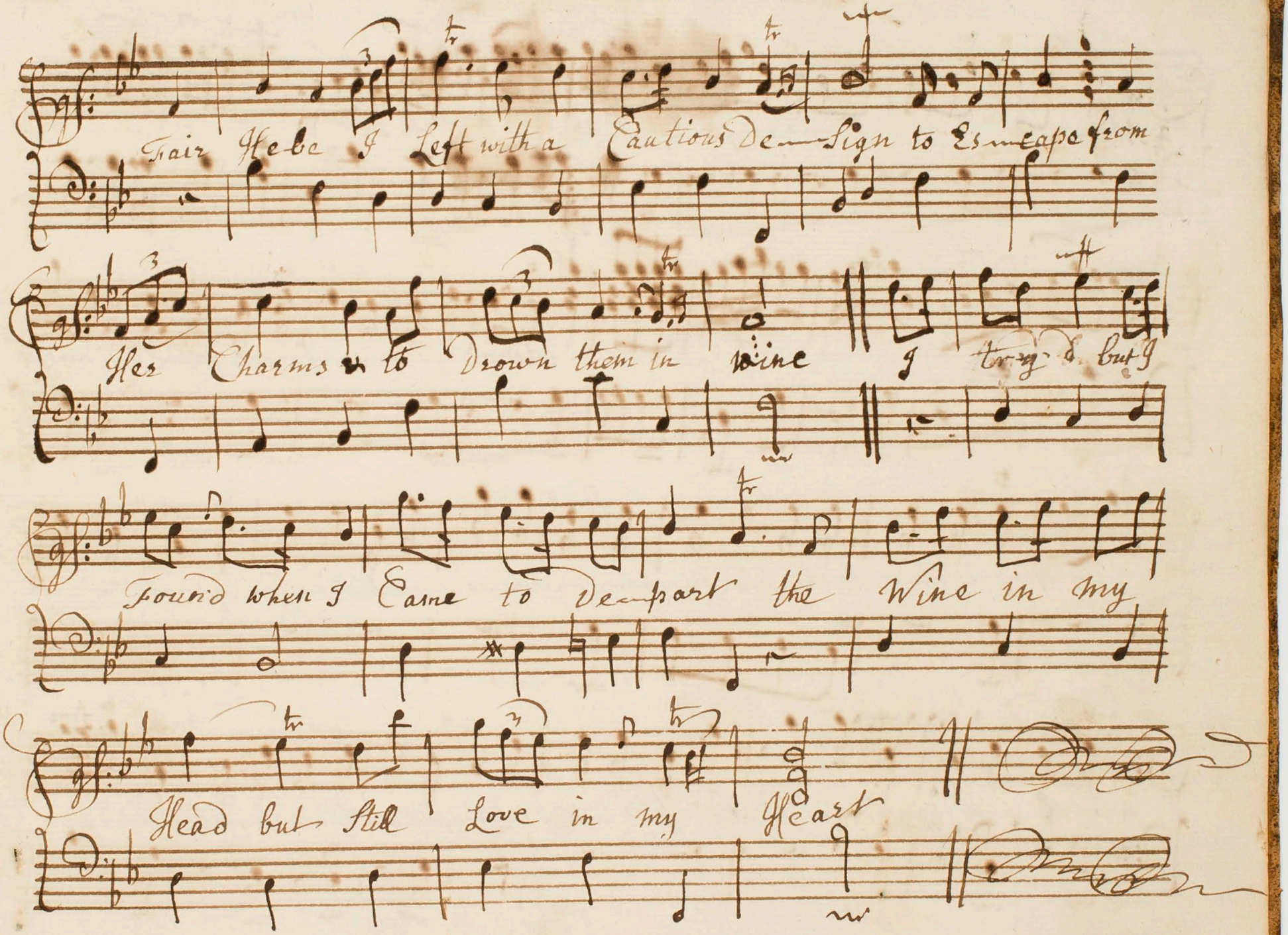
3d

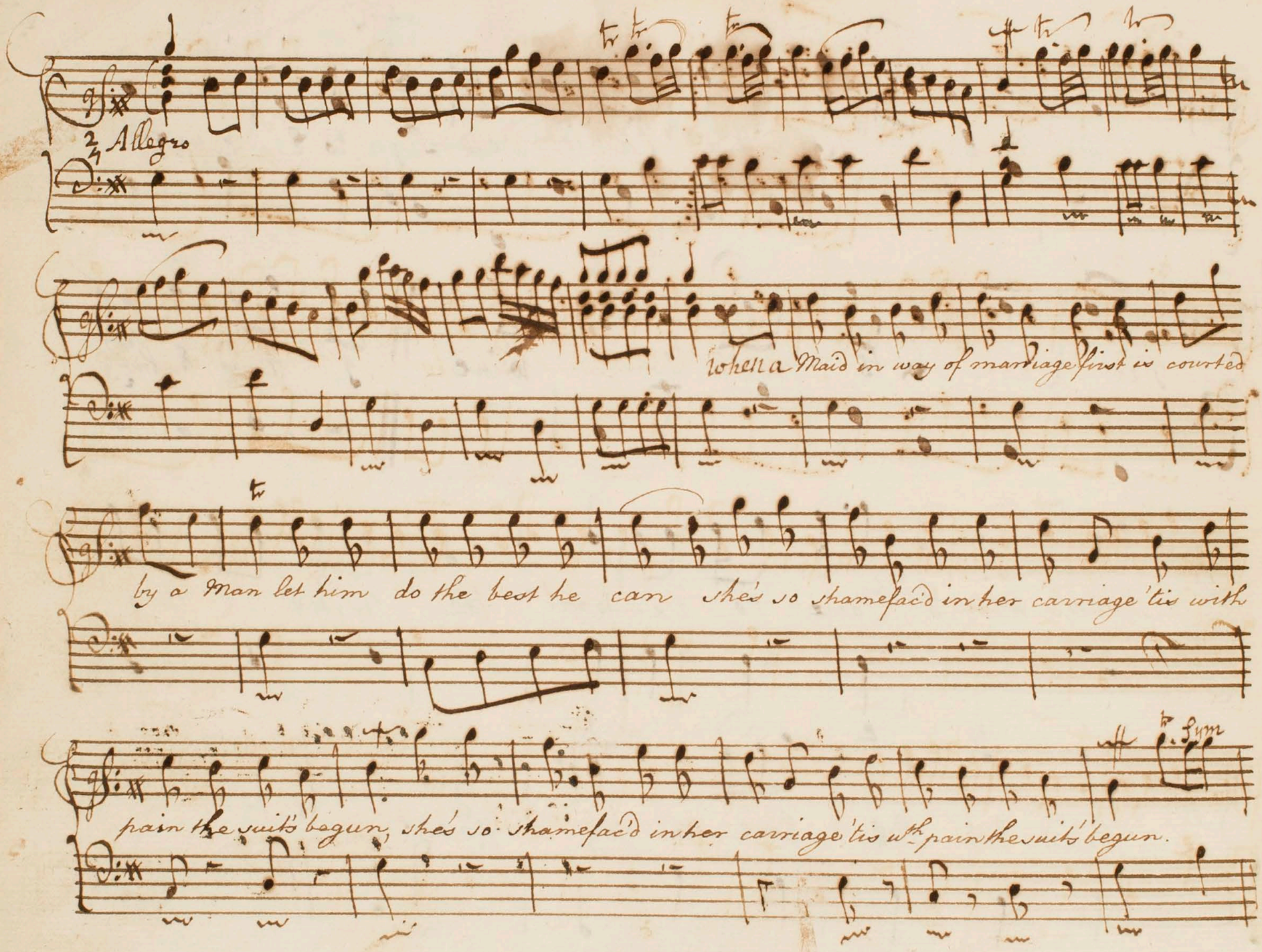
Thats the Truth Reply'd I, I've no need to be Taught
I came for your Council, to find out a Fault —
If thats all Quoth Reason Return as you Came
To find Fault with Hebe, might Forfeit my Name

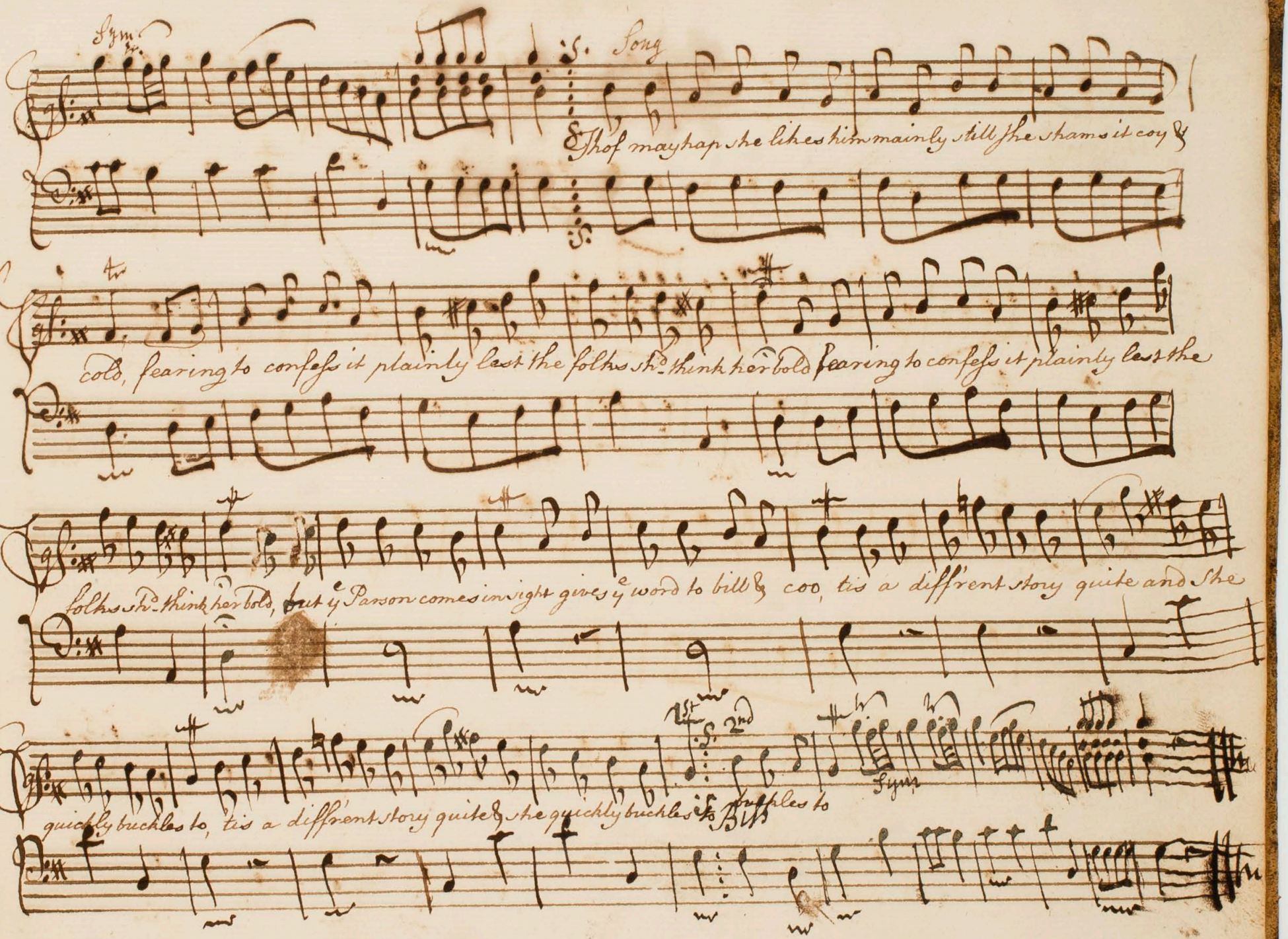
4th

What Hope then, Alas of Relief for my Pain —
When like Lightening She Darts thro; Each Throbbing Vein
My Senses Surprize'd, In her Favour took Arms,
And Reason Confirms me a Slave to her Charms

Finis —


Fair Hebe I Left with a Cautious Design to Escape from
Her Charms to Drown them in Wine I trying but I
found when I Came to depart the Wine in my
Head but Still Love in my Heart


Allegro
When a Maid in way of marriage first is courted
by a Man let him do the best he can She's so shamefac'd in her carriage 'tis with
pain the suit's begun, She's so shamefac'd in her carriage 'tis wth pain the suit's begun.



Sym.

Song

Thof maybap she likes him mainly still she shams it coy &

cold, fearing to confess it plainly lest the folks sh^d think her bold fearing to confess it plainly lest the

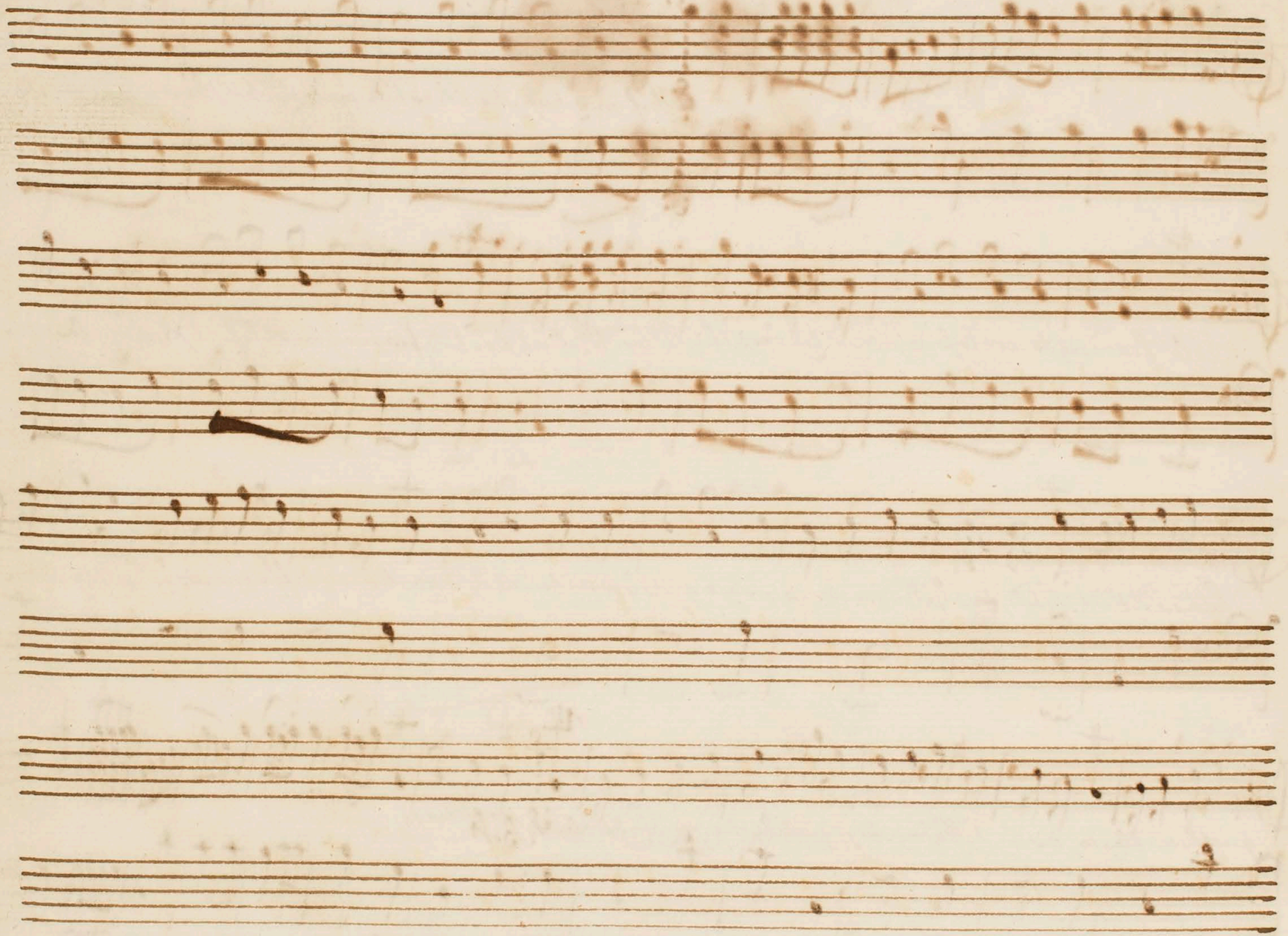
folks sh^d think her bold, but y^e Parson comes in sight gives y^e word to bill & coo, tis a diff'rent story quite and she

quickly buckles to, tis a diff'rent story quite & she quickly buckles to buckles to

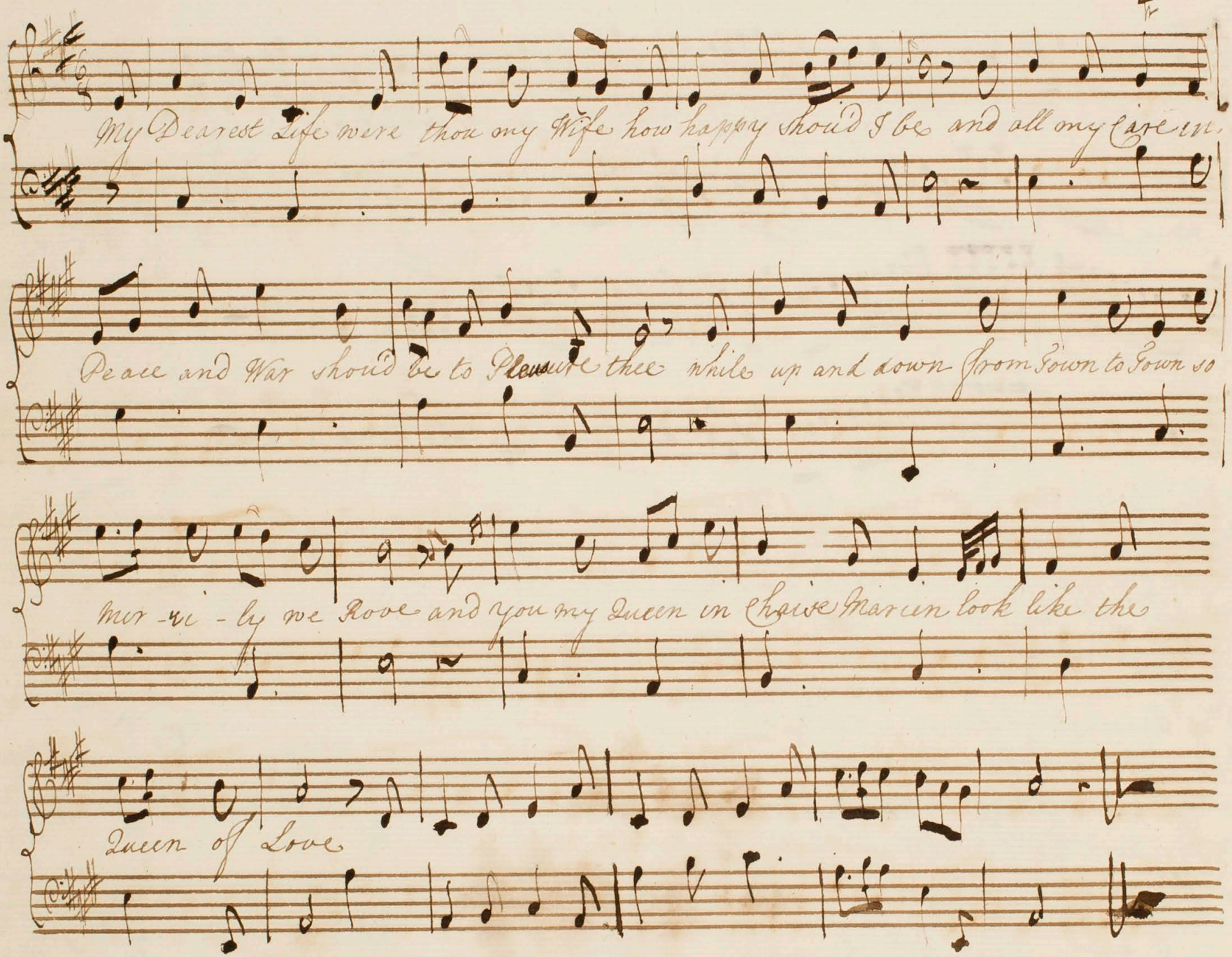
1st 2nd

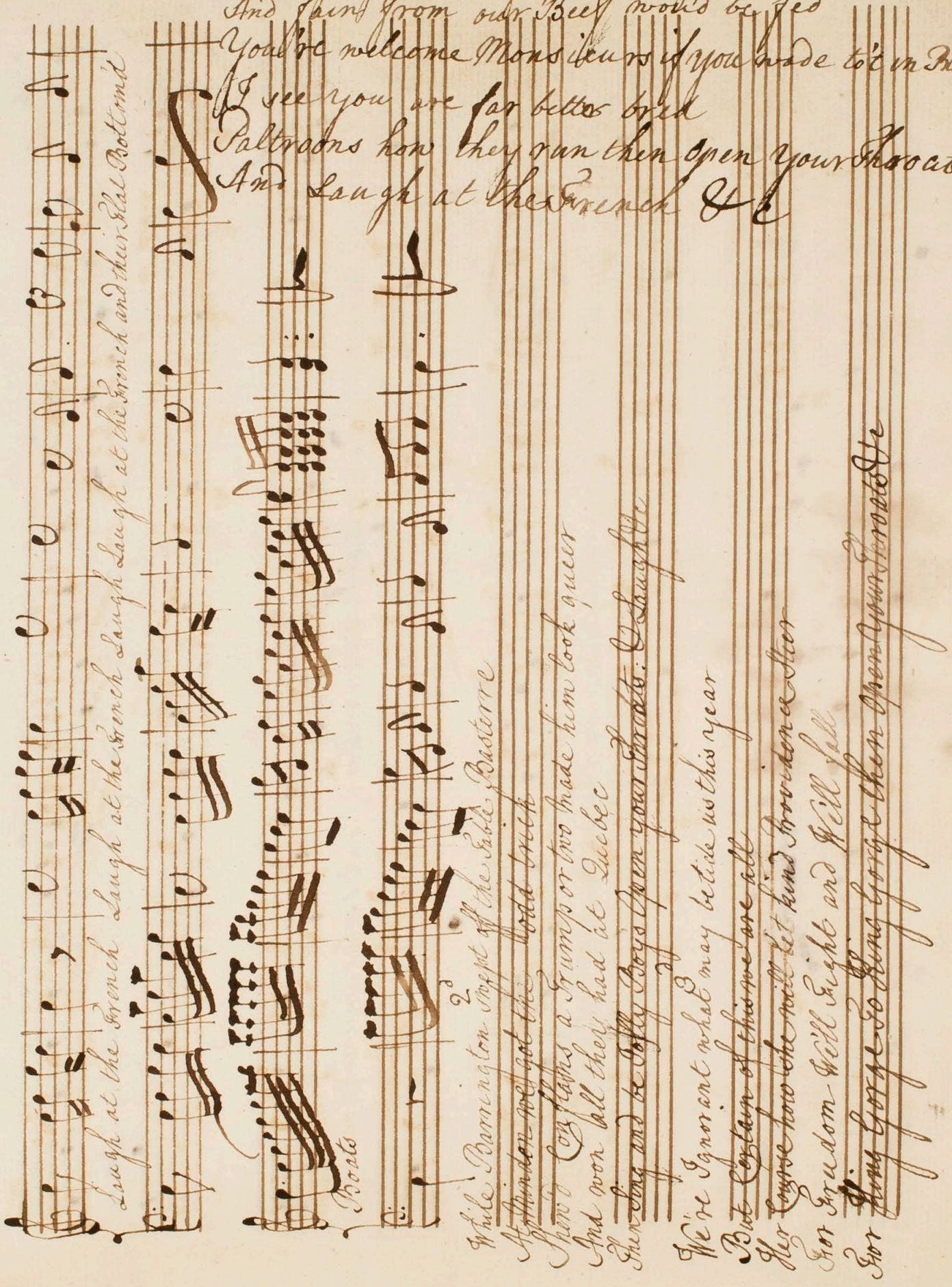
Sym

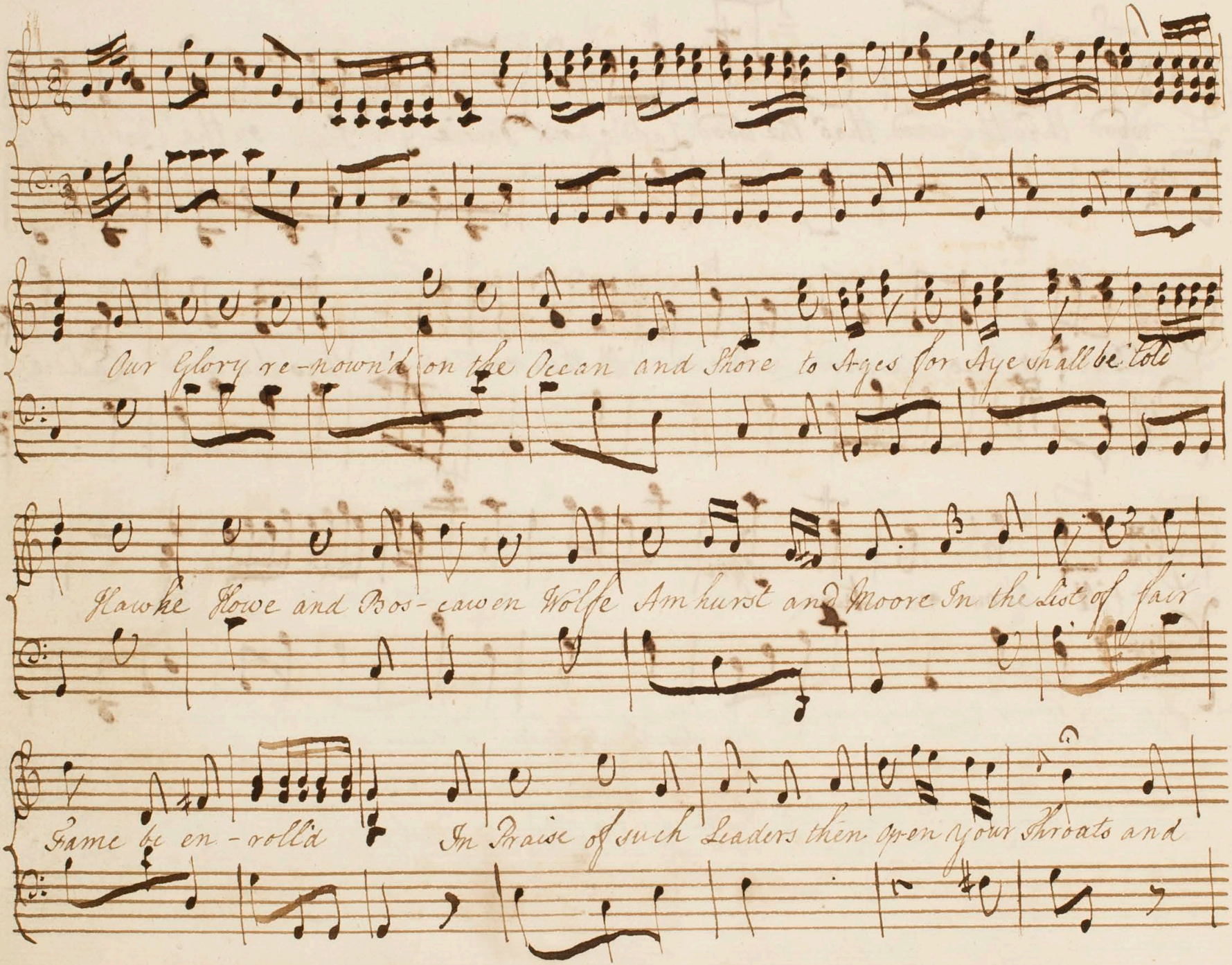
Bill

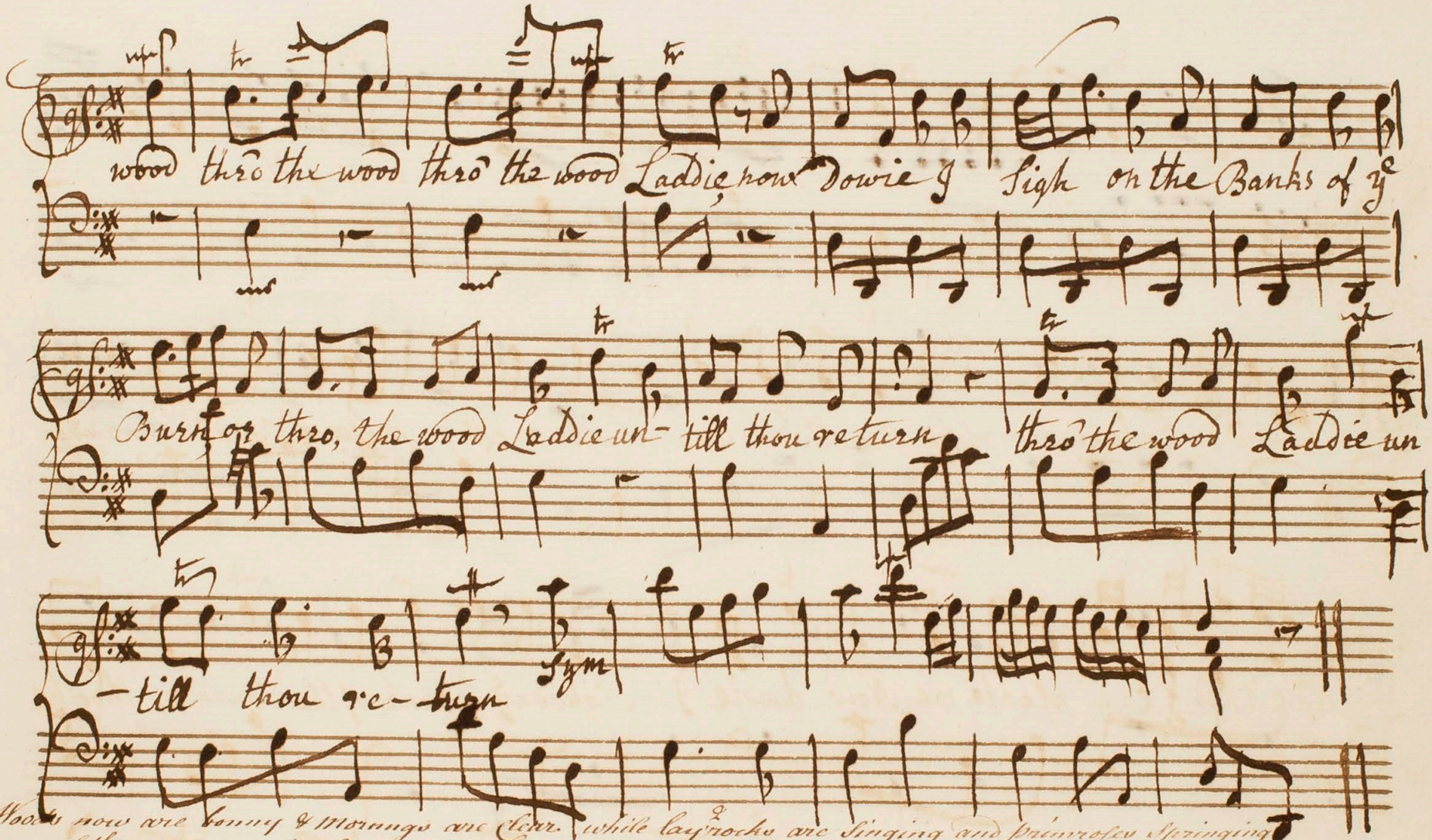


Chaise Marien




Like Greyhounds hollow'd they squint at our Food
And faint from our Beef would be fed
You're welcome Monsieurs if you're made to't in Blood
I see you are for better bred
Paltroons how they run then open your throats
And Laugh at the French &c
Laugh at the French Laugh at the French Laugh Laugh at the French and their Flat Bottomd
Boats
While Barrington kept off the Sale Basterre
Thunders and Bombs Boys Open your throats &c Laugh &c
Spite of Flames a Triumph or two made him look queer
And now all they had lit Quebec
We're Ignorant what may betide us this year
But Captain of Thieves we are all
For Freedom Well Fight and Well fall
For Freedom to Sing Huzza Boys Huzza &c


Our Glory re-nown'd on the Ocean and Shore to Ages for Aye shall be told
Hawke Howe and Bos-cawen Wolfe Amhurst and Moore In the List of fair
Fame be en-roll'd In Praise of such Leaders then open your Throats and



wood thro' the wood thro' the wood Laddie now dowie I sigh on the Banks of ye

Burn or thro, the wood Laddie un- till thou return thro' the wood Laddie un

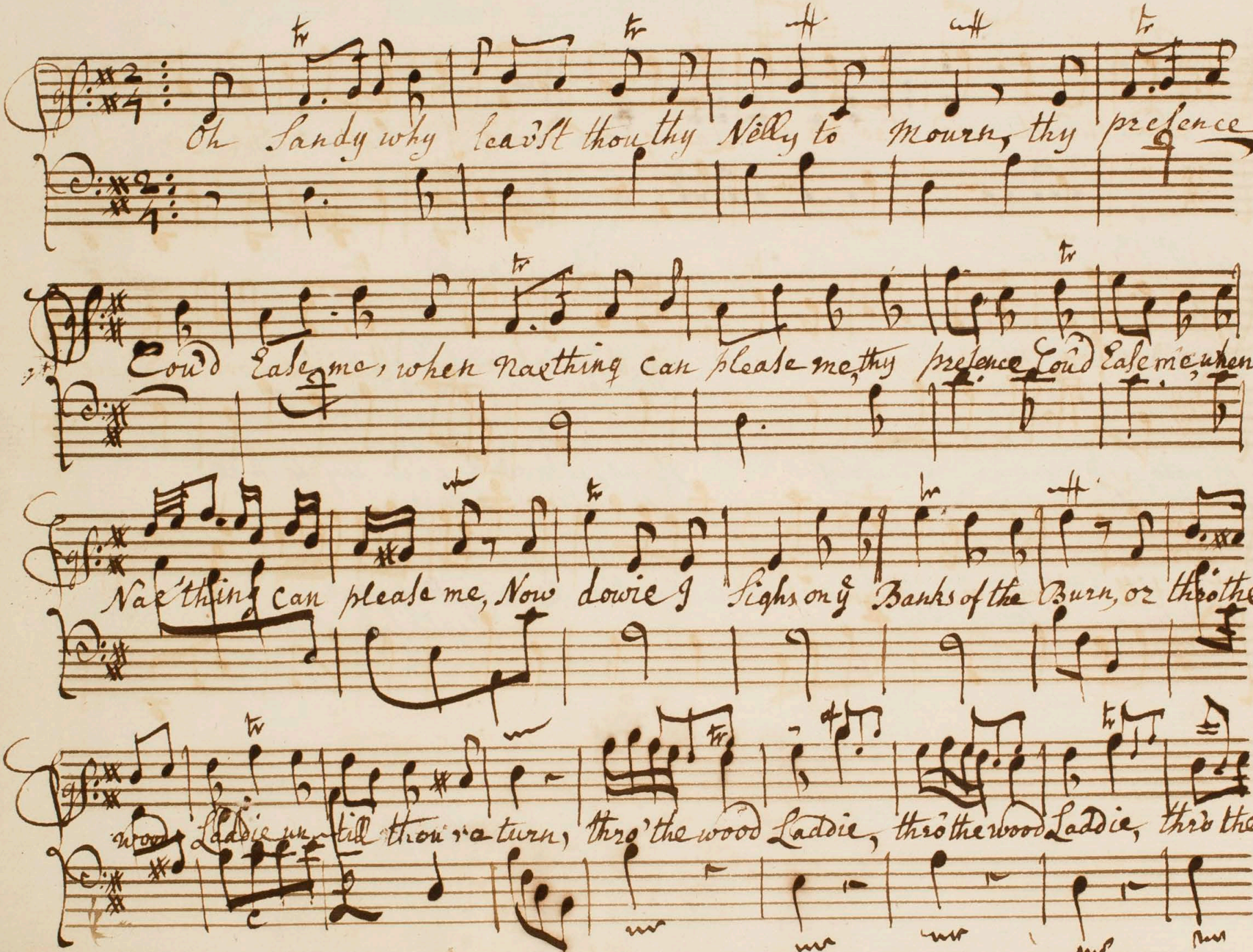
-till thou re-turn

Sym

tho' Woods now are bonny & Mornings are clear. while lay[2]rocks are Singing and primroses Springing
yet nane of them pleases mine Eye or mine Ear, When thro the wood laddie ye dinna appear,

that I am forsaken some Spare not to tell I'm fash'd wi[3] their scorning baith Ev'ning & Morning
their jeering goes aft to to my Heart wi' a Knell when thro the wood laddie I wander my Sell

then stay Sandy nae longer away but quick as an [4]arrow haste here to my marrow
wha's living in langour till that happy Day When thro' the Wood laddie well Dance sing and play

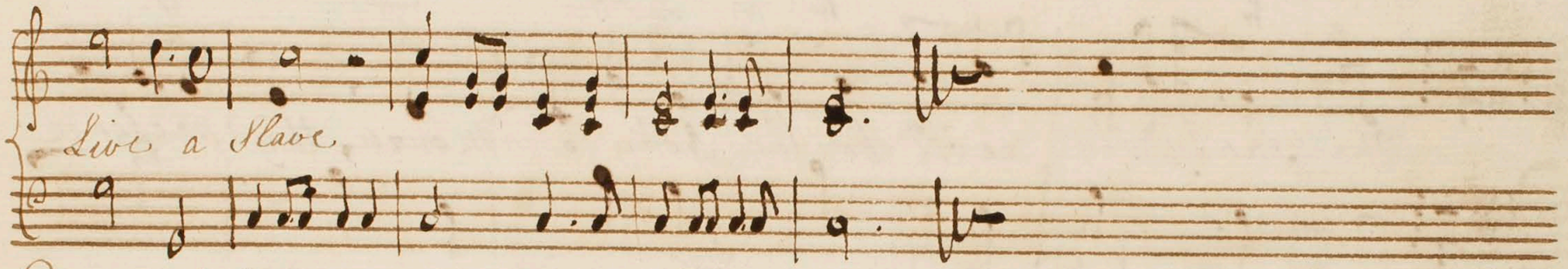


Oh Sandy why leav'st thou thy Nelly to Mourn, thy presence

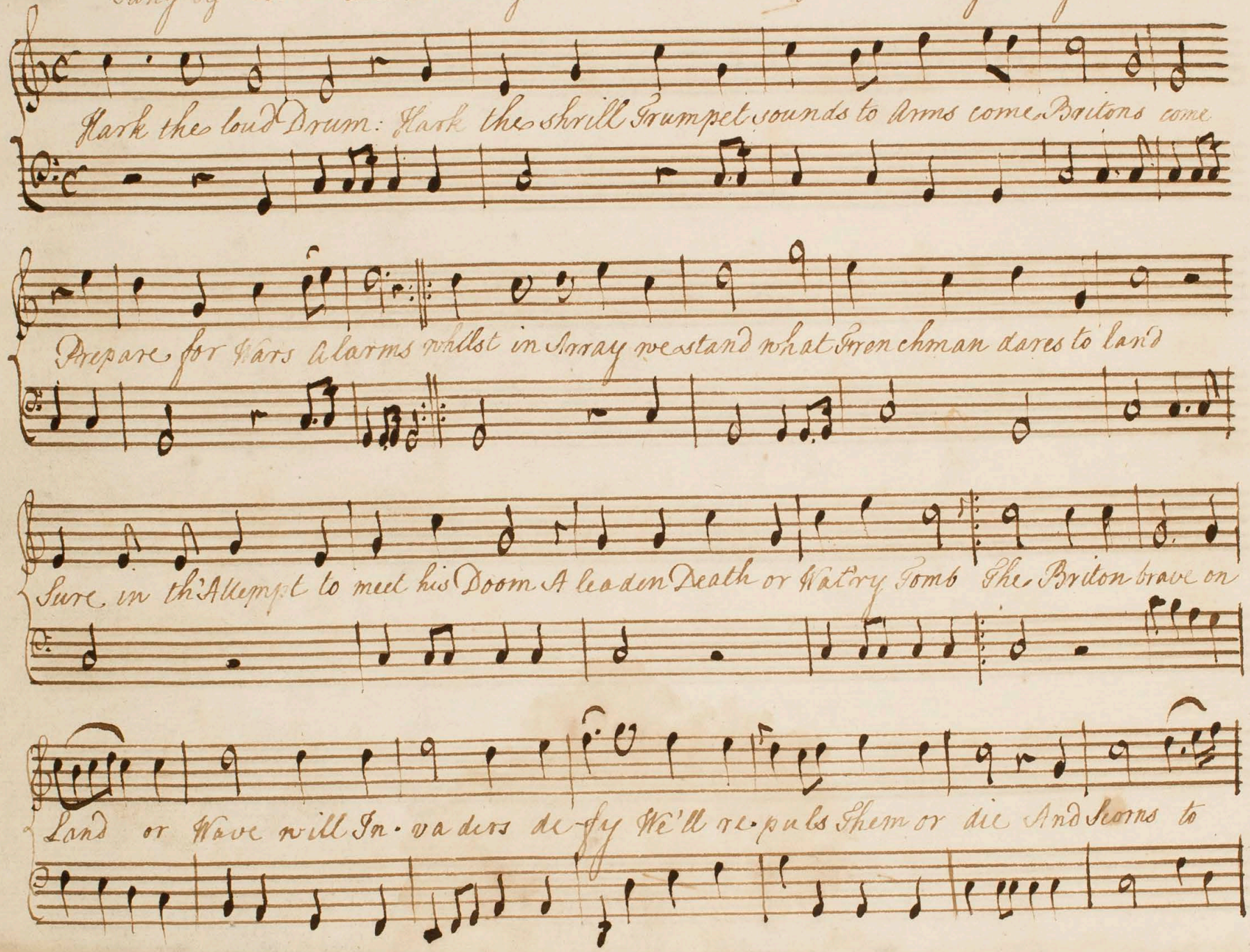
Cou'd Ease me, when Naething can please me, thy presence Cou'd Ease me, when

Nae'thing can please me, Now dowie I Sighs on ye Banks of the Burn, or thro' the

wood Laddie un-till thou re turn, thro' the wood Laddie, thro' the wood Laddie, thro' the



Recall the Days
Where bravely our Forefathers fought
Who crowned with Praise
Their Martial Glory sought
Bid their high Deeds inspire
Bid Magna Charta fire
Gently they laboured for our good
Tyrants and Tyranny withstood
This we Duly
On our own Strength rely
What Briton so base:
Would his Country disgrace
And from his Colours fly

Now Party Spight
Our noble Measures wont oppose,
For all Unite
'Gainst our insulting Foes
All then in Chorus Sing
Long live our Gracious King
Fill'd to Gorge the sparkling Bowl
Hand it round each loyal Soul
Rise Patriot Game
Thy Glories Proclaim
Who his Sword boldly draws
In his Country's Cause
Will win a Deathless Name

A Song for the New Militia to a March for many Instruments
Sung by Lowe: the Words by Lockman: and Sett to Musick by Worgan